

# Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

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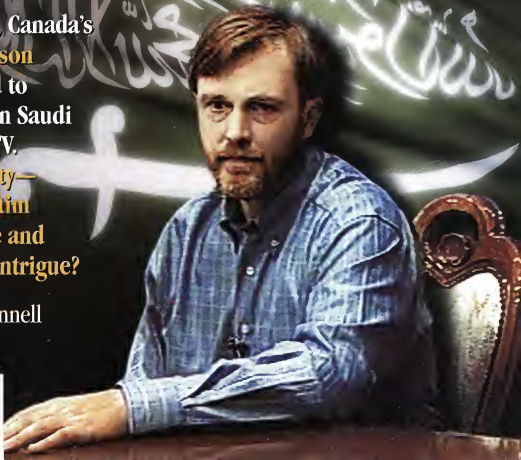
**PEACEKEEPING**  
Early In, Early Out

**LIBERALS**  
The Race Is On—  
Sort Of

# PRISONER OF RIYADH

On Feb. 4, Canada's  
**Bill Sampson**  
confessed to  
murder on Saudi  
Arabian TV.  
**Is he guilty—  
or the victim  
of torture and  
political intrigue?**

By Tom Fennell



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26



# This Week

Sept. 25, 2001 Vol. 134 No. 15

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## 1.8 PRISONER OF RIYADH

Dead, possibly drugged, Canadian Bill Sampson was found to murder on Saudi Arabian television last February. A *Macleod* investigative report reveals how he could be the victim of political and religious intrigue in the secretive desert kingdom.



## 26 EARLY IN, EARLY OUT

A Canadian peace-keeping contingent is on its way home from Ethiopia. Its mission marked a real change in our tradition of playing global cop.



### 34 TALE OF A WITCH HUNT

**Army major**  
Herbert Satchell lost  
his job in 1962.  
His crime? Being gay  
and presumed  
a threat to national  
security. Hundreds in  
the military and civil  
service shared his fate.

## 50 JUNKIES WILD

In an excerpt from his new book, Andy Nulman, who ran Montreal's comedy festival for 13 years, recounts how some performers were even cruder offstage.



### 30 THE RACE IS ON

Prime Minister Jean Chrétien has given Liberal hopefuls the green light—sort of—to pursue the party leadership. Mackenzie enters the field.



## COLUMNS

## 56 Ann Dowsett Johnston

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# From the Editor

## After the PM, a deluge of names

In the late 1980s, when Robert Bourassa was in his second go-round as premier of Quebec, he surprised many people by running one of his most outspoken, influential MNAs as his parliamentary secretary—with an office just down the hall, and regular access to the premier. When an acquaintance asked Bourassa why he did so, he gave this blunt response: "Because I'd rather have him close by, where I can see him, than out of sight, where he can make mischief."

Bourassa is generally remembered as one of the greatest politicians of modern times—a description that also applies to José Chertoff. That explains why the PM's awkwardness somewhat similar strategy towards positive media in his party—keeping a close eye by allowing them to go public, sort of, with their plans and hopes to succeed him. As *Maclean's* Ottawa Editor John Goldie notes in his piece hand-picking potential candidates (page 38), that means it's OK—literally—for people like Paul Martin, Allan Rock, Brian Topp, Anne McLellan, Sheila Copps and John Manley to start publicly soliciting support and raising money for leadership campaigns, even though the PM has given no sign he plans to hedge anyone soon. (An old Ottawa joke goes, if all Chertoff wants is to live in a nice house, play golf, work in his own pace, and travel, why chase?)

The only danger for a prime minister in such circumstances is that he—or she—will be perceived as a lone wolf. But the PM is ruthless towards those who try to thwart him, and no wannabe successors are likely to forget that. By throwing the race open—well, a little—the PM's kingdom plays a direct role through the candidates they back, and police everyone more effectively. That strategy also works against the PM's longtime rival Martin, who was previously a guerrilla war between the two new voices into a series of small skirmishes on various fronts—with the f-

rance minister the target in each case. *Already*, there's talk of other hopefuls joining together in an "Anyone But Paul" coalition. Think of the *Ashted*: "The enemy of my enemy is my friend," and you get an understanding of what lies ahead.

In normal times, opening up the Lib's most important, credible anti-war (after the PM) for such attacks would run the risk of doing the opposition parties' work for them. But given the importance of the four other parties, no wonder there. In fact, the Libs are actually managing a double-edged achievement: even as they govern, they've also claimed the role of official Opposition for themselves.

All of that makes for really crazy politics—so long as you presume that internal party affairs matter more than the day-to-day business of running the country. But that's apparently a core belief in all five parties, since each has become remarkably self-absorbed. Any highlight reel of the last session, which broke for summer last week, would be composed of bickering over the fates of various leaders, with barely a nod to policies. Between the Lib's self-absorption, and the other parties feeding their own relevance, you get the impression a lot of MP's don't know what they're doing in Ottawa anymore. Finally, then, shed a point upon which they and other Canadians can agree.

*Andy Uhl-Loh*

respondent@thejournal.com or comment on *From the Editor*



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## NEWSROOM NOTES

### A shadowy world

You would cover story on Saudi Arabia and the strange case of Bill Simpson presented a quandary: how to report on a country that is, for all intents and purposes, closed to journalists? Researcher-Superstar Michael Seidler and World Editor Tom Fennell started digging. "I was struck by the mystery and

the intrigue of the whole thing," says Seidler. "Having lived in several foreign countries, from Europe to the Far East, I knew how much could be hidden beneath the surface."

Journalists work people who had worked in the secretive desert kingdom helped flesh out the world Simpson lived in. One source led to another, and no people who had known Simpson. Finally, Simpson's father, Jon,



From left: Seidler and Fennell.

agreed to speak about his son's incarceration, and Fennell flew to Vancouver, where the elder Simpson lives. "It's a fighting man and determined to do everything he can to see his son," says Fennell, who in May received the Canadian Association of Journalists' award for investigative journalism for the second straight year, this time for *Maclean's* Dec. 13, 2000, cover story, "The smuggler's slave."

# The Mail

## Questionable care

As mayor of Oshawa, B.C., part of the Kelowna region of the Okanagan that you say has the second-best health-care service in Canada, I ask, "According to whom?" (Where we get the best health care, "Cover, June 11). The Princeton hospital is killing pregnant women to go elsewhere. Recently, four doctors from the hospital met with the mayor in the South Okanagan and pleaded for help. The Princeton hospital cannot get nurses or doctors. And the South Okanagan General Hospital in Oliver could close its emergency department because of a lack of support staff. In the summer, we are a tourist area. What do you think the headlines will be if someone visits us from Vancouver, has an accident, and then discovers they could be going back to Vancouver by ambulance for treatment? If we have the second-best area in Canada for the delivery of health care, I sure as hell wouldn't want to see the worst area.

**Tom Skelton, Osoyoos, B.C.**

After waiting with my dangerously ill husband seven hours in the emergency department of one Mississauga hospital and

10 hours in another, only to be told there weren't enough nurses or doctors to admit him, I'm wondering how Mississauga came to be rated so high on your list. I have to think how bad it is in those hospitals with lesser ratings.

**Antoinette Spur Duggs, Mississauga, Ont.**

I found it interesting that your article on health care rated North West Vancouver as top in Canada, and then was startled



by the report on non-scientific Douglas Coupland that states in that same area in 1999 there were 30 newborns with malformed limbs, but it was decided that "the racist birth abnormalities were not statistically significant enough to justify further investigation" ("Coupland's use of chemical weapons," *Entertainment News*, June 11). The irony is striking, and underlines a belief I have held for a long time, hospitals and associated staff and equipment are not health care, they are risk care—essential and important, but different. Health care should mean caring for health and should provide the need for medical intervention.

**Walter Schwan, Dawson Creek, B.C.**

## Tit for tat

Our commitment to supply U.S. oil and gas needs ("Energized," *Canada*, June 11) will, I trust, be accompanied by its commercial commitment to never again unspoke or allow to be unspoked the sale of our forestry and agricultural products into your country.

**Paul Innes, Teterboro, Ont.**

## 'Mean-spirited'

Thank you for publishing an article that so fairly explains what lay ahead if the B.C. Liberals go ahead with their inspuried referendum legislation on land

claims ("Back to the land," *Canada*, May 28). Liberal Leader Gordon Campbell and his cronies are looking an awful lot like the bonafide politicians who first drained the now-infamous Indian Act more than 100 years ago. They too did not want to acknowledge any legal or fiscal obligations towards First Nations people, and as a consequence, created the legislation that banished any First Nations person from seeking redress through the courts or political arena. The legislation stood for over 60 years and as the cause of the confrontations we see today, Campbell would do well to read the Supreme Court decisions on land claims before going on a petty, arrogant tangent.

**William Clegg, Nanaimo, B.C.**

## Charity has its limits

Shame on the Bagan community of the Vancouver area for stopping their funds simply because Jean Bache, the Bagan missionary who runs a clinic administering to the poor in a remote Indian village and is now 91, would not agree ("Angel of mercy," *Canada* and the *World*, June 11), instead, it would seem that they stirred their charity.

**A. Coroner McGinty, Saskatoon**

## A worthy artist

As a Canadian living in the United States, I was disappointed by the June 11 article on Emily Carter in which you confuse the quality of work done with the degree of American familiarity with that work—or

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Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

Editor Anthony Macdonald

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the quantity of money paid for a "Wild woman of the West" Art. You state the forthcoming show at the McMichael Canadian Art Collection past Carr in "lofty company" because she to be shown with Georgia O'Keeffe and Frida Kahlo.

This equation of American fine with quality suggests a self-designating criterion is which Canadian culture is vilified and status is makes a bit south of the border. Carr is a better artist than either of her show-mates—in the case of Kahlo, much better. I am reminded of an incident in which an American feminist, bent was bemoaning the fact that Carr isn't well known in the States, assigning this lack of fame to her being a woman. "And have you ever heard of the Gypsy of Seville?" I asked.

"What?" and the American woman yet have made an icon of Carr, but she shouldn't learn our appreciation of her work as an artist.

**Corin Nixon, Eugene, Ore.**



Corin's Southwest Style

## Family matters

Maclean's, in its article dated May 3, 1995, titled "Knocking on the door," alleged that the Karic brothers were involved in dirty business with former Serbian dictator Slobodan Milosevic. Relationships between state and business exist in every country, but Maclean's aimed in scolding by accusation by not distinguishing the nature of these relationships in this instance. In 1997, I confronted Milosevic openly, accusing him in public and announcing my candidacy as his direct challenger in the presidential elections. The regime retaliated swiftly, severely and with long-term adverse economic consequences for the family. Can we then say that the Karic brothers and other Serbian businessmen like them voluntarily accepted Milosevic's regime? To fear and preserve one's self and life's work under the dominance of a dictator does not entail active participation in his repressive ends and a was wrong of Maclean's to implicate the Karic family in this way. Where Milosevic's

actions brought war to the region, I provided shelter to my Albanian neighbours and initiated a dialogue with the West by proposing a political solution through meetings in the foreign press. In lobbying Milosevic through intermediaries to bring an end to the war and release the three captured American servicemen, I became the unwilling target of the scandalous accusations printed by Maclean's, having "proved" in that way my "closeness" to Milosevic. Instantly after Milosevic was toppled and a democratic government elected, the Karic family welcomed their effort to develop the Serbian economy by attracting foreign investment. Indeed, the European Union awarded the Karic family members from its travel ban list within one month of the elections, demonstrating its view of the place of the Karic family in Serbian society. The Karic family has welcomed the new government's attempts to curb organized crime and its role to the state. The recently concluded investigations of its special commission have excluded the Karic family members and their companies from the list of suspects involved in dirty business under the Milosevic regime. Five years ago, I established the Social-Democratic Party, in opposition to Milosevic, which is now a member of the ruling democratic coalition. Thirty-two employees of my company are actively participating in the work of the new democratic establishment and its efforts to democratize our society. The Karic family legacy to the country is in their contribution to the ouster of Milosevic, the introduction of modern technology into Serbia, the integration of Serbia with the rest of the world through their own business ties and the education of young people at our private university. This is how we will be judged and not by articles such as that published by Maclean's containing unsubstantiated allegations.

**Rogodan Karic, Belgrade, Yugoslavia**

Maclean's has no valid information of financial impropriety on the part of the Karic family.

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### Over and Under Achievers

## Rallying the troops

*Political flexibility? Olympeux  
generosity? And capitalism claims  
another convert from social democracy.*

♥ **Jean Chrétien:** Looks erratic giving Libs who want his job the green light to campaign, even warning he'll fire them if they do so too vigorously.

♥ **Stockwell Day:** Looks ecstatic sharing Liberal immigration bill as too lax, overruling his own Alliance's earlier stance that it was too tough.

◆ **Stephen Lewis** The new UN special envoy on AIDS/HIV in Africa visits Botswana, looking like a powerful advocate for the fight against a global scourge.

♥ **John Nkomo Jr.**: Toronto's Olympic bid president offers African countries free sports gear, reminding some of past Olympic infamy over scandals

◆ **Wes Jeffers:** The 24-year-old Alberta golfer improves in qualifying for U.S. Open. Mike Weir could soon have more Canada PGA Tour company.

**Blue Clark:** B.C.'s former NDP premier lands a job with storied business wheeler-dealer Jimmy Pattison. So much for that socialism thing.



## FISHING FOR FUND-RAISERS

Calgary did it with cows, Toronto let loose with moose. Now, in Vancouver there is something fishy going on. Over the next month, eight-foot-long fiberglass will echo salmon sculptures will begin showing up throughout the Lower Mainland. An initiative of The Southeast Society, a not-for-profit organization dedicated to helping save wild fish, the salmon sculptures are being painted by such established B.C. artists as Tait Kien, Roy Hinesy Vickers and Sally McInnes. On display until the end of October, the decorative fish will be sold to conservation



to raise money for the plight of wild salmon. "We thought the only way to raise awareness is to put fish in the face of tourists and of residents," explains Chad Binsley of The Steelhead Society. "That's what we're going to do with these works of art. Put fish in their face." — Ruth Atkinson



Joel Wagnick is brushing up on his Latin.

Forget four-letter words. Wapnick, a music professor from Montreal's McGill University, is going for seven- and eight-letter cusses that will earn him the coveted 50-point bonus at the 2009 World Scrabble Tournament. As the current Scrabble world champion, Wapnick has memorized a list of more than 16,000 words, including swear words, ethnic slurs and slang. "There are some filthy words on the list that we have to learn for the position," explains Wapnick, 66. "And have many more observations than we

In December, the Scribble champ will defend his title in Las Vegas and lead a team of eight Canadians competing against almost 90 other players from around the globe. During the five-day event, every com-



Wijman and Jansen say they had several

pellet will play 24 games, with the top two players battling it out in a five-game final on the last day of the tournament. "It's pretty exhausting," says Wapnick. "But I rarely get tired of playing Scrabble."

How many points for "endurance"?

**1** In the war against cuts and scrapes, we have one word

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## A coming of age for The Washerwoman

After performing the role more than 1,800 times, Viola Léger is undoubtedly *La Sagouine*, the beyond-poor, 72-year-old fictional cleaning woman caused by immorally known Acadia writer Anne-Marie Maillet. And soon Léger will adopt a new role—that of *Liberal* actress.

Léger, who left her career as a teacher in 1967 to become an actor, was among four Liberals recently appointed to the upper house by Prime Minister Jean Chrétien. The 70-year-old was assured, however, that this new job will not interfere with her life as *La Sagouine*.

Maillet wrote her bestselling book of monologues 30 years ago. In the book and on stage, *La Sagouine* (translated loosely it means 'The Washerwoman') spouts funny bitter truths about the Roman Catholic Church, politics,

men and poverty—viewing hypocrisy from the barren rung of the ladder with the sharpness of eyes and slowness of wit the taster of sautéed. Léger first played *La Sagouine* at the 1970 book launch in Moncton. Thinking her game-crack at the attending white-wine crowd was shocked as Léger walked among them dressed in rags, carrying her rag and pail.

She reprises the role this summer at Le Pops de La Sagouine, a theme park and theatre that recreates an Acadia fishing village in Bonaventure, N.B. "With more than 650,000 visitors in the past nine years, Le Pops is one of the top outdoor tourist sites in the country, contributing about \$4 million a year to the local economy. Pretty good for a poor but wise *soubrette*!"



Senator *La Sagouine*

André Venier

## WHAT'S IN A FONT?

Brilliant up may be hard to do, but the right font can soften the blow. For a Dear John letter, Times New Roman is clear but not harsh. Verdana is acceptable. However, use Impact if you want him/her to disappear forever.

Ever wonder how some firms have a personality of their own? A recent study by

private market research International Inc. found that the type of font used can reveal a deeper meaning. Here are some tips: Times New Roman implies that you're crazy and responsible.

Arial and Helvetica are so ubiquitous and generic as a sensible pair of shoes. Georgia is perfect for wooing that secret love, while Comic Sans screams for attention.

And remember... Courier is for nerds.



J. Lo has 'sackitten' written all over her



Peter (unofficially) Menzies



look at me! I'm Tom Green!

## OVER THE SHOULDER

William Christie,  
Senator Ontario

"When I was at the East Coast Music Awards in Charlottetown in February, I heard Louis L'Amour perform, and said, that we have become patriots."

He has made his whole collection of CDs and I am working my way through them and love them. That's also my social favourite, Willie Nelson—particularly Just On Time. Plus, his latest work, set by Bryan Ferry's Au Pairs Goes By and certain from of Alfred Brendel. I probably say his Schostakovich the Grand Poets of the 20th Century series."

John Sheppard, director general of  
and CEO, National Arts Centre

"There are two CDs that seem to get the most play at home these days. The first is Diana Krall's

When I Look in Your Eyes. Her voice is lovely, in intimate and moving, and I find myself listening to the CD over and over again. The other is Yo-Yo Ma's

cello suites in response by Bach. I suspect that listeners will still be coveting at his virtuosity a hundred years from now."

Jean-Louis Boivin, actor and  
chairman of the Ontario Council

"I have been listening to the Quinlan Hickey's CD, R. Murray Scheraga Spring Quartets 3-7. This is an excellent recording of several works by one of Canada's most important composers, beautifully played by the Montreal Quartet. Murray Scheraga has brought the string quartet back into fashion."



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## The right family blend

I have the blues sometimes. It happens when something goes awry in our blended family. Insecurity seeps through my thoughts like rain on a sunny day. I begin to think of the folks next door who have the traditional family, the *Love & a Beaver* model. Are things happen, it would, on the other side of the picket fence? And then, just in time, comes a day of another colour. One like the day last month when the four of us were in the cottage—Dwight and I with our blended family.

Our sons, Jordan and Josh, bonded together, giggling uncontrollably. I watched them with silent joy. They are such an unlikely pair: Jordan, 20, is our date-hatted giant with the gentle manner; Josh, 18, is blond, intense, and four feet something. Not a drop of shared blood between them, yet they are brothers. They are living proof that blending can work. From time to time, it is beautiful.

Blended families usually happen when parents divorce and marry. But in my case it began with a death. Dorothy Cairns was Josh's father and my first husband. He died of cancer when Josh was five years old. The hardest part of my grief was the sense of isolation. I cried alone a letter from Canada Post. In cold bureaucratic language, the government called me a "widow" and my son an "orphan." I felt the something from another country. Like cancer or dyslexia or the Boer War.

And then I found a man I could love. Dwight and I had known each other for years and we were comfortable together. As the months passed, we began to talk of marriage, but the idea was frightening at first. He is son, Jordan, was a teenager recovering from his parents' divorce. My son had lived through the death of his father. The risks seemed overwhelming. Yet, from the beginning it was clear that Jordan and Josh liked each other. We watched their friendship grow and that gave us a feeling of confidence. It wasn't perfect, of course, but it began to look achievable. In the summer of '88, Dwight and I were married. Jordan was the best man and Josh was the ring bearer. In our picture of the occasion, Jordan is carrying his little brother on his shoulders. Now we live together as a foursome.

Recently, Josh was thinking about the families of his Grade 4 classmates. "You know, Mom," he said, "no one's married any-



Are things happier,  
I wonder, on the other  
side of the picket fence?

more. None of the families around here," he said, "is that right?" I said, "So what does normal mean?" "You know, Normal. One mom and one dad. In the same house with the same kids. And a dog. Well, maybe not the dog..." I wanted to ask him more, but the doorbell rang and it was one of the boys from the "normal" family next door. The gang was playing soccer hockey. Josh was gone in a heartbeat, leaving me at the kitchen table. I occurred up the families we know, the ones who fit the traditional mould, the growing number who don't. Then I remembered Tryphena Kenley, my great-grandmother.

We tend to think of blended families as a new phenomenon, yet families of past centuries were frequently rearranged. Tryphena married my great-grandfather Joseph Langley on New Year's Eve in 1891. He was a farmer and a widower with three children. It must have been frightening for Tryphena. She was years younger than her husband. She had never lived on a farm. And then there were the children, two little ones and a baby. She must have had her days—crazy full of doubt when

she compared herself with Joseph's first wife. But somehow she survived. In fact, she and Joseph had more babies. Thirteen more. Imagine a family of 16. Then imagine a blended family of that number. My own small worries pale by comparison. And yet, the Langley clan was a happy one. Joseph and Tryphena loved each other greatly. They also loved their children, all 16 without favour.

I wish I could chat with Tryphena. Invite her over for coffee and have a heart-to-heart. I have so many questions for her. When new situations arise, I watch myself and will come up empty-handed. Should Josh call his stepfather "Dad" or "Dwight"? If Jordan has children some day will they call me "Granma" or "Nancy"? I wonder how Tryphena coped with those questions, along with raising 16 kids. If she were alive, I think she would tell me to cool it, to forget about labels in a family. Family, after all, is more than a line on a chart or a name on a birth certificate. It is a simple formula. It is an attitude and a state of mind. The best we can do is to recognize the family we live in. And do our best to make it work.

Nancy M. Herman lives in Bridgewater, N.S.

by Diane McDougall



## Here's how to prepare for this major turning point

Most parents both dread and welcome the stage when their teenager starts learning how to drive. It means you don't have to chauffeur your teen around town, but it also means living in fear of him or her getting hurt, or hurting someone else. Recent Canadian and American statistics show that there's good reason to be concerned:

- 14 per cent of all deaths due to motor vehicle accidents are teen drivers.
- Most teen driver deaths occur on weekends (\$2 per cent of the time).
- Teen drivers killed in accidents had a youth passenger in the automobile 48 per cent of the time.
- Of teen drivers fatally injured, more than one-third were in speed-related accidents.
- More than any other age group, teens are likely to be involved in a single vehicle crash.
- This age group makes up seven per cent of licensed drivers, but suffers 14 per cent of fatalities and 20 per cent of all reported accidents.
- Vehicle collisions are the leading cause of death among people age 15 to 19; two out of three are males.

Inexperience is a contributing factor to the high rate of auto crashes and deaths among teenagers. For instance, speeding and not using safety belts are misjudgments teens make more often than older drivers.

When teenagers drive with passengers, the number of crashes increases as much as three times over the crashes teens commit with no passengers. Teen driving habits related to speeding also exceed the rate of older drivers.

Young Drivers of Canada (YDC) offers a free Co-driver Program for parents of YDC students that is two-and-a-half hours long and is meant to complement the school's professional instruction.

Charles Shryman, a supervisor instructor with YDC, says one of the most important things parents have to learn is to tell their teen what to do, not what they don't want them to do. Give them a positive instruction, not a negative instruction. "For example, if you're turning around the corner and your teen is steering toward a curb, tell them where to steer. You have to get them to look at where they should be going. People drive to what they are looking at."

The Co-driver Program covers steering with the hand-over-hand method, choosing the line of least resistance (the one with the best view, best flow and least risk), keeping an



# From Kamikaze to Competent

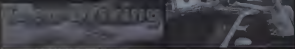


Photo: Laurent Gosselin

escape space beside them whenever possible, braking early to avoid a rear crash and the safest way to make a left-hand turn. "There are even some vehicle features that parents don't know about. For example, many vehicles have a gurnut that can be knocked from drive into neutral without pressing the shift's button. When quickly stepped into neutral, the handbrake can be applied," says Shybrman. When complementing professional instruction, be sure to review your province's Drivers Manual to refresh your memory of details you may have forgotten.

Take your teen to a parking lot or place where he or she can develop skills without the fear or risk of running into a vehicle or person. When progressing to roads, keep in mind that your teen driver is still an inexperienced driver and start out on one-way streets that have little or no traffic. Progress from making simple right turns to driving through intersections on one- and two-way streets that require greater driving skill. Drive to known destinations such as the grocery store, church, high school or movie theatre. This idea repeats procedures learned so far and applies them in practical ways. Your teen driver will practice driving to locations he or she is likely to frequent or visit. By the time your teen driver is ready to drive solo, going to these destinations will be familiar.

At some point your teen driver is going to drive on the highway at high speeds. Develop these skills in a progressive, one step at a time fashion. Take them from one exit to the next and slowly increase the distance. Practice the four points of driving, which include following a map and driving to areas that are somewhat unfamiliar. Simulate real-life driving situations. Introduce driver distractions, tensions and temptations to make or merge. For instance, drive with passengers in the back seat, with the radio or CD player on and pretend to be a teen passenger arguing more speed or route driving.

Have your teen driver drive you whenever you need to go. Consider it a friendly payoff for years of chauffeuring him or her everywhere. The goal is to build your teen driver's base of experience with hours of unstructured driving. It is one thing to

drive in the daylight; it is another experience driving at night. Basically your teen driver's training sessions start over at night.

Clear and concise house rules about safety and use of the vehicle are important. When your teen has a learner's permit have him or her complete 50, 75 or 100 hours of driving (state supervised) before taking the road test. Make sure 10 to 25 of those hours are practiced in the evening when he or she is not drowsy. Even after your teen passes the test, do not permit passengers for three to six months afterward unless an adult is present. Consider not allowing driving between the hours of 10 p.m. and 6 a.m. for the next three to six months unless an adult is present.

Teens usually don't like wearing a seat belt. Don't stop being a pest about this matter. Here are ways to know if your teen is wearing his or her safety belts: When your teen is about to drive away, look out your window to see if he or she automatically straps in. When your teen gets in the automobile with you, observe if he or she automatically straps in without you prompting. When you hear your teen returning home, watch to see if he or she is strapped in.

If you really want to know how your vehicle is being driven by your teen, you can get an automotive "black box" called AutoWatch that is similar to what is used in airplanes. This device plugs into your vehicle and monitors when and how long the automobile is being driven, at what speeds and the distance traveled. The information can be downloaded to a personal computer and printed and saved as various report formats.

You'll find out if your teen was speeding and the dates, times and duration of all vehicle activities (for example, if it was used when the driver was supposed to be in school). It also records if the driver disconnected and reconnected the unit. A security code can also be assigned so that only someone who knows the code can clear it.

Above all, try to remember how you felt when you were learning to drive. A sense of proportion, a sense of humour and a little empathy go a long way toward making learning to drive more productive and pleasant for both of you.



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Child	Good
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## Overture

## PASSAGES

**Deceased:** Jari Kurri was one of the NHL's most notorious defensive players, and he was also the trigger-man who converted so many Wayne Gretzky passes into goals when the two were with the high-flying Edmonton Oilers. So it was no surprise last week when Kurri became the first Finn ever elected to the Hockey Hall of Fame. But he will not be the only pioneer at the induction ceremony.

**Vladislav Tretiak,** the brilliant defenceman who was two Stanley Cups with Detroit in 1997 and 1998, became the first Russian NHLer to gain entry into the Hall. And on a banner holiday, Canadian scoring legends Dale Hawerchuk and Mike Gartner, and Pittsburgh Penguins general manager Craig Patrick, all named hockey's greatest career-achievement award. The five will be formally inducted on Nov. 12.

**Appointed:** Jean Lapointe is thought to be one of the greatest Canadian minor-leaguers of his last 50 years—most notably for his 70 years as part of the duo Les Jétois, the first Quebecers commitment to appear on the *24* *Sideline Show*. In honour of Lapointe's work, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien appointed the 65-year-old to the Senate along with three others. The other appointees are 70-year-old actor Viola Leger (page 10), B.C. lawyer Michael Jaffe, 58, and author and journalist Louise Lafortune, 71.

**Sued:** Toronto Raptors all-star forward Antonio Davis has filed a \$75-million lawsuit in an attempt to clear his name after being accused of accepting sex from and pervert the Gold Club in Atlanta. The married father of two admits to visiting the club once during the 1993-1994 season, but said he is the victim of "malicious lies" by the club's former manager. **Thomas Skjeltne:** Skjeltne went public last month, saying that diners were paid by the club's owner Steve Kaplan to have sex with athletes.



**Died:** In 1979, Pincoza Leila Pablosi and her family were forced to flee Iran when her father, the Shah, was deposed during the Islamic revolution. The pincoza, 51, who spent much of the last two decades living in the United States, was found dead in the Leinster Hotel in London. It was thought she had overdosed on sleeping pills, but an official statement from her brother, Reza Pablosi, described the death as the result of a long illness.

**Deported:** After five years of hiding in Canada, alleged Mafia hit man Gaetano Anzalone will return to his native Italy to face murder charges. Anzalone, 68, had successfully eluded authorities since 1996. But in February he was arrested in Montreal for the 1992 murder of a Sicilian police investigator and the attempted murder of another man in 1991. He also faces a murder charge in Germany.

**Died:** As a manager, Gordon Donaldson dreamed of being a foreign correspondent. And during his lengthy career, which included writing articles with *The Toronto Star* and the now-defunct *Toronto Telegram*, as well as television reporting for CTV, CBC and Global TV, Donaldson travelled the world. Born in Glasgow, he moved to Canada in 1954. He wrote six books, including *The Power of the Canadian Dollar*. Donaldson, 74, died of a heart attack in Toronto.

**Died:** As a glorious commander during the invasion of Normandy, Carl H. J. (Hudd) Swenson risked his life to save one of his comrades and played a key role in helping capture two vital bridges, earning the Military Cross for his bravery. Swenson retired as the deputy commander of Britain's School of Infantry in 1974. He died in London at the age of 82 after a long illness.

**For Sale:** Music legend John Lennon's childhood home, where it is said he wrote the famous Beatles tune *Strawberry Fields*, will be put up for sale on the Internet. Lennon lived in the home, located in the Liverpool suburb of Woolton, between the ages of 5 and 23. The home, worth about \$320,000, is a hot spot for tourists.



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## RESCUE IN ROMANIA

For six hours, citizens of Romania were transfixed by live television coverage of attempts to rescue a two-year-old girl who had fallen down a narrow well in the village of Ploiești. As local citizens asked the police for ideas on how to proceed, rescuers finally managed to lower Dave Fardos, a slender 18-year-old, down the shaft. On her second attempt, she successfully pulled Alex Ploiești to safety. Fardos received a plot of land for her efforts, while TV viewers who pledged to give her a total of \$7,500.



## A FRAGILE CEASEFIRE

Under the mediation of U.S. Central Intelligence Agency director George Tenet, Israelis and Palestinians finally agreed to a fragile truce designed to end nine months of bloodshed. Under the pact, local violence would cease in some areas near the West Bank and Gaza, and suspend a border crossing between Gaza and Egypt, among other things. Palestinians promised to refrain from illegal weapons, but the primary aim of the agreement—in and to all violence—stems out of such as violence continued. Still, both sides expressed cautious optimism about the accord. "They've pulled us back from the precipice," said Nabil Shaath, a senior Palestinian official. "Maybe this is a moment."

## Citizen Mandela

A full house at week's end summer holidays about to start, barely 10 per cent of the 301 MPs were in the Commons to

unanimously cast their votes for honorary citizenship for South Africa's Nelson Mandela. Among those absent Alliance MP Rob Anderson, who foiled the first attempt on June 7 to honor Mandela, calling the anti-apartheid icon a Communist who had supported vigilante killings in South Africa. (After Prime Minister Jean Chrétien called the MP "irrational," name of Anderson's Alliance colleagues defended him.) Mandela spent 27 years in prison because of his fight against the apartheid



Prison. Anderson is to blame for right

regime. He is expected to accept the honor when he visits Ottawa in the fall.

## Blair gets richer

Four days after his overwhelming June 7 electoral victory, British Prime Minister Tony Blair gave himself a 40-per-cent pay raise—about \$101,000, bringing his annual salary to the equivalent of \$350,000. Blair's cabinet members got an 18-per-cent increase, raising their pay to just over \$250,000 a year. Perhaps Canada served as an example to the Labour leader on June 7, federal politicians voted themselves a hefty raise, with Prime Minister Jean Chrétien getting a 43-per-cent increase that will bring his annual salary to about \$265,000.

## Norfolk crashes again

Formerly high-flying Nortel Networks Corp. is about to set a new record for red ink. The Brampton, Ont.-based tech giant forecast it will lose \$25.7 billion in April, May and June—the largest quar-

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terly lost in Canadian corporate history. It announced that 10,000 jobs will be slashed, on top of 20,000 already cut. Since its peak in July, 2000, the company's stock market value has fallen from \$396 billion to \$48 billion, described by an analyst as "one horrific hiccup." Canada's other tech titans, Ottawa-based JDS Uniphase Corp., also reduced its quarterly sales forecast by 14 per cent and said layoffs are "a possibility."

#### A spinal breakthrough?

After a new surgical treatment by levels doctors, a paraplegic American teenager reversed some movement in her toes and legs. Melissa Hickey, 18, who was left paralyzed after suffering a severed spine in an automobile accident, received spinal injections of her own extraneous-spinal cells that, doctors say, helped damaged nerve cells regrow. "She moved very significant motor function in her legs, although she is not yet walking," said Dr. Valentin Fugère of Protonova Biotechnology (Israel) Ltd., which conducted the clinical trial.

#### 'I thought of her'

For some, it was the announcement they had long been waiting for. On June 11, at 7:14 a.m. CDT, Warren Hayley Lapsin of the federal penitentiary in Terre Haute, Ind., appeared before reporters to say this Oklahoma City

bomber Timothy McVeigh had been put to death by lethal injection. In the city where, on April 19, 1995, bombing had killed 168 people at the Alfred R. Murrah Federal Building, 232 survivors and family members of the victims watched McVeigh's execution on closed-circuit television. Among them was Kathleen Tinsion, whose 15-year-old son died in the blast along with her four-year-old daughter, Bailey. Afterwards, Tinsion held up a picture of her daughter and said, "I thought of her every step of the way."

#### Defamation and the CBC

The Court of Appeal for Ontario upheld two defamation rulings against CBC, TV's *sixth* news, going so far as to increase one of the awards. The libel actions by two Ontario doctors rose out of a February, 1996, episode of a controversial heart drug that implied the physicians had helped cover up a scandal involving the medication. In the original judgment, one trial judge called the CBC "paranoid sensationalists" who "should not be allowed to prey upon society's obsession with scandal." Last week, the appeal court upheld the almost \$1.8-million award to Dr. Frans Leenen and increased the \$300,000 originally awarded to Dr. Martin Myer by another \$150,000, plus legal costs. Myer was "defamed through the distortion of his own words," said the appeals court.

### THE 'TOXIC TEXAN' GETS A CHEEKY RECEPTION

To many in Europe he is known as the "Toxic Texan," and protesters in Göteborg, Sweden, showed their contempt for U.S. President George W. Bush by burning effigies and pointing their rear ends towards his hotel window and dropping their pants. The President was on his first tour of the Continent since his election last November, and bringing a controversial agenda that also sparked violent protests in Göteborg, Bush has not only enraged many Europeans



George W.'s visit prompts protests in Europe

leaders by scuttling the 1997 Kyoto Protocol on reducing greenhouse gases, but American plans to build an anti-missile defense system have caused fears that it will ignite a new arms race. Throughout his five-day, five-nation tour, which began in Madrid and ended in Slovenia, where he met with Russian President Vladimir Putin, Bush pursued two themes. One was the expansion of NATO to possibly include Slovakia, Slovakia and the former Soviet Baltic republics of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. And he attempted to overcome European objections to his anti-missile defense system by promising to help the Europeans build a similar network. But talks with European Union leaders at the summit in October failed to overcome stiff opposition to his missile defense program or resolve the deep rift over global warming. Bush did, however, receive support from Tony Blair, Britain's Labour prime minister, when Blair made a passionate speech calling for better relations between Europe and the United States.



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### POLITICAL HEAT WAVE

It may be raining, news for election, but there may be no summer respite for Stockwell Day and the Greenline Alliance. Last week, the embattled leader revealed a new plan for bringing about a merger between his party and the Tories—drawing a new round of criticism. In a speech in Toronto, Day called for face-to-face talks with the Conservatives, saying he would push for an Alliance referendum on the issue in 30 days and asking Tory Leader Joe Clark to do the same. But Clark dismissed the notion out of hand, calling it a "flight of fancy" intended to divert attention from the Interim Alliance battle over Day's leadership.

It didn't end there. Alliance co-president Ien Rukopis, who is also co-chair of a special committee on ending the rift, said the proposal came as a complete surprise. MP Moris Sollberg, the Alliance's foreign affairs critic and, until then, not yet an outright member of the Jump Day movement, called on the leader to resign, saying that Day had betrayed his caucus and party revolt. Summer heat, indeed.



Day's decision

AS SEEN BY



du Maurier ARTS

IN FEBRUARY, CANADA'S BILL SAMPSON APPEARED ON SAUDI ARABIAN TELEVISION TO CONFESS TO MURDER. INSIDERS SAY HE IS THE VICTIM OF TORTURE AND POLITICAL INTRIGUE

# PRISONER OF RIYADH

By Tom Fennell with Michael Snider

Time. Bill Sampson has no way of measuring it. Immediately after his arrest on Dec. 15, the guards at his prison in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, took away the waterproof diver's watch he'd used for years. There is no window in his cell from which to mark the passage of the sun. Instead, there's the constant glare from the light dangling from the ceiling in the middle of his cage—the one that is never shut off, turning his life in solitary confinement into one endless, mind-destroying day.



Sampson, who appeared grizzled during his confession (left), may have provoked the country's religious police

Other than when he made out loud to himself, or yells at his prison walls in frustration, the only English 42-year-old Sampson hears is when he speaks with officials from the Canadian Embassy on their rare visits to check on his health. He was arrested along with two other foreigners, Alexander Mitchell of Britain and Raf Schryvers of Belgium, in connection with two car bombings last November in Riyadh in which a British citizen died and five foreigners were injured. No one knew how much trouble he was in until a dazed Sampson, confined to the crime on Saudi television on Feb. 4. Now, although Sampson doesn't know it, his imprisonment has landed him at the center of a growing dispute between Canada and Saudi Arabia, forcing Crown Prince Abdullah to cancel his visit to Ottawa earlier this month.

The Saudis claim Sampson and his two accomplices, known around Riyadh as "the three azabakens," murdered their victims in a turf war over the country's illegal alcohol trade. True, Sampson, Mitchell and Schryvers had reputations—as men who liked to live it up and weren't intimidated by authority. But through interviews with top diplomatic sources in Saudi Arabia and those involved in the copious underworld, *Muslim* has learned that the three could well be the victims of anti-Western political and religious intrigue in the secretive Arab country. They could yet be befriended, in a Riyadh place known to expats as "chip-shop square"—as a lesson to all foreigners who would break the country's strict Islamic code.

Saudi Arabia's royal family, headed by King Fahd, has ruled the country with an iron fist since 1932. About 7,000 princes now make up the royal family; each receives a monthly stipend from the country's vast oil wealth. And to ensure domestic political peace, Crown Prince Abdullah is trying to transform the nation from one solely dependent on oil exports into a diversified industrial state.

To do so, the Saudis have had to import thousands of Western professionals. Nearly six million foreigners now live in the country of 20 million, handling nearly every line of work, from raising care of children to delivering the latest in health care. In the hot desert kingdom, an ice-cold beer is a precious commodity to a *Muslim*. But the consumption of alcohol remains forbidden in the strict Muslim state, leading to the creation of a thriving underworld trade in booze reminiscent of Prohibition-era Chicago. It's a lucrative market: a liter bottle of locally brewed wine or beer costs \$60, a case of Budweiser \$250 and a bottle of Johnny Walker Black Label scotch goes for \$225.

Even some of the largest fines have been swept up in the crackdown, and now control much of the alcohol smuggling, either directly or through bribes and kickbacks. A veteran diplomat, who worked in Riyadh and asked not to be named, told

# SOME OBSERVERS SAY ANTI-WESTERN MILITANTS COULD HAVE PERPETRATED THE BOMBINGS THEMSELVES TO INTIMIDATE FOREIGNERS INTO LEAVING THE COUNTRY



Like most outsiders, Sampson labors in various Saudi locales; he was overwhelmed by the heat. But the discomfort was offset by the lifestyle he could afford in a country where Westerners earn top salaries

Mohamed he has attended parties thrown by a member of the royal family in one of their vast compounds. At one event, held in a spectacular bedroom, waiters in white coats handed out drinks while guests ate imported from Morocco piled their trays. "You have to know the right people to get invited," says the diplomat. "But the prince like Western faces at the parties. It shows they are important."

Semiretropical British expatriates have often opened replicas of their neighborhood pub back home, complete with long polished wooden bars, dart boards and billiard tables. Being found out, or paying bribes to the police to stay away, are not the only drawbacks. It's not always possible to arrange British beer in by the tap, so the owner has to brew his own, often with disappointing results. Many of the foreign compounds, and there are hundreds in the city, have bars. Sampson would frequent one of the most prominent—the Celtic Corner, which was once partly owned by his co-accused Alexander Mitchell.

Sampson arrived in Riyadh in 1998. Raised in Vancouver, he had previously lived in Scotland, where he earned a PhD in biochemistry and a master's in business administration, both from the University of Edinburgh. After a failed business venture, Sampson, who has no wife or children, returned to Vancouver in the late 1990s to visit his father. There, he saw an advertisement for jobs in Saudi Arabia. He applied, and was hired by the Saudi Industrial Development Fund to examine proposals by companies wanting to develop a pharmaceutical industry in the country.

Like most foreigners, Sampson was overwhelmed by the soaring

heat. Temperatures often reach almost 50° Celsius during the day before plummeting to a comparatively cool 25° C at night. But the discomfort was offset by the lifestyle he could afford in a country where foreign professionals earn top salaries and don't pay taxes. Sampson quickly took advantage of his new wealth. He moved into a spacious, walled villa with an outdoor swimming pool.

A gregarious man by nature, Sampson soon made friends in Riyadh's underground drinking clubs, including Mitchell and Schyrene. Anne Goldsmith of Cardiff, Wales, who lived in Riyadh from 1992 to December 2000, remembers meeting Sampson for the first time on an illegal pub in 1998. "On the outside, he is hard and a bit of a bore," says Goldsmith, 56. "But inside, he's as soft as putty. He was soon over at our house almost every evening."

Goldsmith and her husband, Peter, 55, would learn just how loyal a friend Sampson could be

By the mid-1990s, the Saudi religious police, the Muttawa, had become increasingly outraged over what they perceived as decadent behavior. The Muttawa, whom one diplomat in the city called "Intelligence fanatics," are recognizable by their full beards. To enforce their authority, some carry whips, which they use to huddle the study and faithful into mosques for prayer.

On Oct. 20, 2000, three members of the Muttawa burst into the Goldsmiths' villa. The couple believes they were mistakenly targeted by the religious police, who were searching for Ken Harvey, their neighbor and a part-owner of two pubs. "They punched me and spit at me and put me in a car," says Anne Goldsmith. "They smashed my house up, stole my jewelry and killed



Jim Sampson (with Bill in 1999) believes his son has been beaten and drugged while held in the Saudi prison

## DEATH BY THE SWORD IN 'CHOP-CHOP' SQUARE

The whole sign that there's going to be a beheading is the increased security in the square. Executions in Saudi Arabia usually occur on Fridays, the Muslim holy day after the midday prayer. Police from the ministry of interior take up their positions just a few meters away from the entrance to the city's main mosque, where they are immediately noticed by the waiting worshippers. A crowd gathers, and the condemned prisoner arrives in a police vehicle. A member of the Islamic clergy accompanies him, along with a high-ranking official from the ministry of the interior and at least one medical doctor.

Last to appear is the executioner—the Sayyid, which means "son with a sword." Traditionally, the Sayyid will perform the execution with his sword—say—but in some cases involving murder, the Sayyid may use the same sort of weapon the condemned individual used to commit the crime. At least 125 people were executed last year in Saudi Arabia, reports Amnesty International, after trials about which little was known. The majority of those executed—71—were foreign radicals, all from non-Western countries and most of them manual laborers (in fact, no Westerner has ever been executed in Saudi Arabia). Three of the condemned were women.

The cleric quotes the creed and made passages of the Quran that reflect the crime and punishment to be administered. He also reads the charges against the accused and explains the judicial procedure, including the trial decision, appeal (if any) and the ultimate death sentence. The accused then kneels as though in prayer. Usually he has a lawyer. If the condemned person is a Muslim, he is given 10 minutes to pray and repent. At the same time, relatives of the second victim are given one final chance to pardon the condemned and clemency is sometimes shown. When it is not, it is time for the Sayyid.

If the condemned is limp or uncooperative, he's poked with the tip of a sword or rifle to elicit a response. In one movement the head comes up and in that split second the Sayyid strikes. It is nearly always miraculously quick. Very rarely does the Sayyid need a second stroke to dispatch the condemned. It is considered shameful to require more than one.

Michael Seidler

my race?" Sampson, who had expected to enjoy an evening with the Goldenhills, arrived in the middle of the fracas. The police immediately turned on him. "He tried to intervene," Anne Goldsmith says. "But all he got was a punch in the mouth."

The Goldenhills spent the next six weeks in jail. Sampson was also imprisoned, but he was released after three days. He brought money to the jail so the Goldenhills could buy food, water, and contacted their daughters, Sally and Jane, in London, who lobbied the Saudi government to show mercy. The two were finally released, and returned to London on Dec. 14. "If I had not been for Bill," says Anne Goldsmith, "I don't think we would be out of prison now. It was through his generosity."

Such generosity, friends say, helped put Sampson firmly in the authorities' sights.

Until the late 1990s, the Muttawa usually left foreigners alone. What opened did in their own homes and compounds was not an issue. But to move off religious dissent, the royal family gave the Muttawa more leeway. Now, some experts say, radicals are openly attempting to intimidate foreigners—who they believe are corrupting the country's inner society—into leaving the country. Last week, for example, a top Saudi judge criticized Christians working in Saudi Arabia, accusing them of "defiling" the nation. "It serves a propaganda purpose," notes Judith Boppe, a senior fellow at the Institute for National Strategic Studies in Washington. "It's not to say these guys are innocent," the ops of Sampson and his friends. "But it's important to make a very public display that they are corrupting the Saudi youth."

Some observers believe the intimidation campaign has gone too far—and that Bill Sampson and his friends are the latest propaganda tool. Since November,

there has been a series of bomb blasts targeting Westerners in Saudi Arabia—one of them deadly. The first was on Nov. 17, 2000, when Christopher Rodway, a British citizen, was killed and his wife badly injured after a bomb placed under the driver's seat of their four-wheel-drive vehicle exploded in Riyadh. Then on Nov. 22, 2000, two men and two



While executions are part of Saudi life, as Westerners have put him just to death

women were injured when a bomb exploded in their vehicle. In the wake of the Nov. 22 bombing, the Muttawa and the ministry of the interior stepped up the campaign against illegal drinking in the capital. Authorities arrested Sampson, Mitchell, Schyrene and nearly a dozen other Westerners, ostensibly for alcohol-related offenses. But on Feb. 4, Sampson appeared on television and confessed to both the Nov. 17 and Nov. 22 bombings. During the news broadcast, Mitchell and Schyrene also confessed to their role in the bombings (Schyrene, who in the Nov. 22 incident had been riding in a car behind the bombed vehicle, reportedly saved the life of one of the victims by wrapping a nosebag around his severely damaged leg). "I admit and acknowledge," said a disbelieving Sampson, "that I participated with Mr. Alexander Mitchell in setting up an explosive device on the vehicle belonging to Mr. Christopher Rodway. Two days later, Mitchell asked me to set up a second explosion with the participation of Mr. Raf Schyrene."

People who knew Sampson in Riyadh were shocked, claiming neither he nor his two friends were capable of committing such a crime. Many believe Sampson and his co-accused may have deeply anguished the police authorities by interfering in attempts to clamp down on foreigners and the alcohol trade. Late in 2000, the three men helped Gary O'Neale, a British man who owned a bar called Shamsara and was wanted on alcohol-related charges, escape across the desert to the United Arab Emirates. "I think Sampson was arrested," said Peter Goldsmith,



One of the bombings  
Sampson  
confessed to  
involving four  
people last  
November (left).  
Diplomatic  
wrangling forced  
Crown Prince  
Abdullah (right)  
to cancel a  
visit  
to Canada.

"because the Saudis didn't like the fact that CPN was gay" (CPN was later deported to Saudi Arabia and jailed).

The three also fired the attention of the authorities when they acted as fire for foreigners in Saudi jails, lobbying embassies to help get them out and regularly visiting prisons. "Bill came four times a week when I was in jail," said Peter Goldsmith. "He brought me clothes and money and food and my mobile." Goldsmith also remembered Sampson and Schryve visiting him shortly after Rodney was murdered, and neither showing signs of guilt or concern. "Schryve asked if I knew anyone named Chris Rodney," Goldsmith recalls. "He said, 'Well, he got killed yesterday,' but it came out in a casual part of the conversation." Sampson returned to Goldsmith's cell a week later to report that there had been another bombing. "They sent the address of a man who had just set off bombs—walking into a prison and calling openly about it," Goldsmith says. It was clear, though, that Sampson was growing concerned about the bombings. A British resident who knew him well remembers checking him out for bombs in the immediate wake of the Nov. 22 blast. "There was a great deal of apprehension," he recalls. "Bill saw me checking my car for bombs and came over and said me I wasn't doing it right, that I had to get right down and get my shirt dry."

Some observers claim anti-Western extremists perpetrated the bombings themselves—not only to intimidate outsiders, but also to punish the reputation of Westerners by blaming Sampson and his friends for the violence. Other theories abound. For one thing, the arrests of the three men did not end the bombings. Since Nov. 22, four more blasts have occurred, the most recent on May 2 when a parcel bomb exploded in the face of an American doctor in his office in the eastern city of Khobar, leaving him in critical condition. Dr. Sud Al-Filhi, formerly related to the Saudi royal family and director of the London-based Movement for Islamic Reform in Arabia, believes a small group of Islamic extremists opposed to the royal family could be involved. In capable of hiring hard targets like military bases, they are staying bomb

attacks on foreigners to embarrass the government. "We're there most are in jail, why is the bombing going on and on, again and again?" asks Al-Filhi. "It is impossible for me to believe that the foreigners would involve themselves in so much terrorism in a country owned by internal security."

There is also the possibility that Sampson could be the unwitting victim of a sinister scheme: While the vigilante community that authorities have exploited to their own benefit. One source in the foreign community told *Maclean's* that a former U.S. military officer, who had been involved in training Saudi soldiers and would have had access to explosives, was caught stealing money from people in his compound, including Rodney. Confronted by the neighbors, he was forced to make good—but may have subsequently targeted Rodney and the others. That man, the source says, was also arrested immediately following the Nov. 22 blast and is still in prison. But the authorities could have exploited the bombing as an excuse to highlight the decadent behavior of all foreigners and used it as an excuse to make sweeping arrests—including those of Sampson, Mitchell and Schryve.

Until Bill Sampson's appearance on television, his father, Jim, had no idea how desperate his son's situation was. When they talked in early December, Bill said he would be leaving Saudi Arabia during Christmas holidays. When he didn't call again, Jim phoned his son's company and learned he had been arrested. Then, while vacationing with his wife in England, Jim was watching the BBC news when his son's confession suddenly appeared on the screen. "I felt like someone had kicked me in the stomach," says Jim, his hand sliding uncontrollably over his abdomen as he sorts through pictures of his son at his accommodations in White Rock, B.C. "It will burn, from the time I woke up in the morning."

After Jim lobbied Foreign Affairs for weeks, in May the Saudis finally agreed to Ottawa requests and Canadian officials told Bill his father was to arrive on May 15. Bill later told Jim he then lost



track of time. Finally, guards appeared outside his cell carrying a blue-checked dress shirt, grey slacks and a pair of black dress shoes, telling him to change out of the prison uniform he had been wearing since his arrest. The pants were baggy. They were also too long, and looked awkward when they had to be rolled up. But for a man whose forehead had been concussed, the shoes were another matter. They felt good on his feet, which had become sore from pacing, in sandals, nearly 20 km a day like a caged ape stabled in his cell. He was stretched onto a long, narrow stool that was empty except for a table and a couch covered in a red and grey cloth. Then his 70-year-old father, thin, bald and aggressive, walked in, accompanied by officials from the Canadian Embassy.

Jim Sampson knows his son well. They like single malt scotch and British beer and have read many of the same books, including the classics and John Le Carré spy thrillers. They have also shared mountains together. Just two years earlier, they drove through the Saudi desert following the stars silently by the Dome to Mexico railway that T. E. Lawrence, the British soldier and writer known as Lawrence of Arabia, attacked near the end of the First World War. Above all, Jim loves his son. But there would be no hugs or tears—this would be a reunion in the effigy of British tradition. "We're rarely overburdened," said Jim, firmly shaking his son's hand. "And how is it?" he asked. Bill, pale

and drawn, put up a brave front. "The beds are lumpy and the food is bad," he replied in a flat voice.

So they had been told by the Saudis not to discuss the bombings. So for this next 30 minutes, Jim said they spoke almost casually, leaving intensely for the hidden subject in the seemingly innocuous conversation putting between them. Jim said Bill asked him to send him books and, because it was not allowed for wear with him, a pair of running shoes with Velcro straps. Then they rose from the couch and shook hands again. "That's for the Saudis' good just down," Jim said in Latin to his son, who smiled in acknowledgment. Following their brief meeting, Jim analyzed in his mind every sentence Bill had uttered. Afterward, he told Mitchell, he was sure of only one thing after seeing his son. "He is a long-haired and dragged in prison," said Jim. "He told me."

Sampson's friends are convinced of that as well, and fear for his mental and physical health. "When we saw them on television," said Anne Goldsmith, "you only had to look at them to know they had been drugged. Bill, particularly—I just wept." She believes all three men are close to breaking, and Sampson's physical health is apparently failing; since his arrest, he has twice been taken to hospital to undergo angiography procedures to clear blocked arteries.

On May 17, Sampson was taken to hospital for a third time. Saudi authorities claimed doctors wanted to examine the results of the angiography procedure. But when officials from the Canadian Embassy visited him on May 28, they discovered he was suffering from a variety of injuries, including a suspected broken toe, cuts on his wrist and numerous bruises to his arms and leg.

The Saudis then claimed the injuries resulted from a suicide attempt, and that guards had to subdue Sampson. In fact, a medical report obtained by *Maclean's* makes it clear that Sampson did attempt suicide. "He confirmed that he tried to kill himself by cutting his wrist," wrote a doctor who was asked by the Canadian Embassy to examine Sampson. "And he stated that he was entirely possible that he would attempt to kill himself again. He felt that there is 'a hope' for him and that he was a 'political prisoner.'" Sampson's reference to the doctor as "the man who has done this to me."

Analysts report that Sampson had been tortured. Foreign Affairs Minister Jean Charest triggered a diplomatic war of words when he said he was "appalled" by Sampson's treatment. The Saudi ambassador to Canada, Mohammed Al Hassan, immediately dismissed such comments, saying Saudi Arabia is a "civilized country." And Crown Prince Abdullah, who was to travel to Canada in June to open a new embassy, cancelled his trip, which Saudis officials privately attributed to Canadian meddling.

The media fire between Canada and Saudi Arabia may last for some time, as Sampson's case slowly winds its way through the complicated Saudi justice system. In spite of his public confession, he has not been charged with a crime. If, instead, he will have access to appeals. But in the end it will be left to the royal court to decide whether Sampson will be taken to chop-head square to be beheaded. That thought is something Jim Sampson has trouble dealing with. "I can't think about it," he says, playing his hands on his chest. "There had been I will be well off." In the meantime, Sampson will continue to pace back and forth, at a cell with no view, where day and night are the same. ■

SAUDI ARABIA IS MODERNIZING WHILE STILL TRYING TO MAINTAIN A STRICT MUSLIM CODE

# THE VEILED KINGDOM



**T**o most outsiders, Saudi Arabia is a stable and modern nation—rich, successful and influential. Known primarily for its vast oil wealth, it has developed strong economic ties with Western countries, including Canada. In a region where conflict seems endless, it is also seen as a politically ally, allowing 600,000 allied troops into the country during the Persian Gulf War a decade ago. Yet Saudi Arabia is an extremely closed society, run by the Saudi royal family in concert with religious leaders. Today, Saudi Arabia's rulers face constant pressure from their subjects as they grapple with a seemingly insurmountable problem: how to maintain their iron grip, preserve the country's strict Islamic and tribal traditions, and still push ahead with economic and political reforms.

The roots of this quandary date back 60 years. Saudi Arabia was a recently unified Islamic desert kingdom when the discovery in 1938 of vast oil deposits in the deeply conservative country brought Western interest to develop these resources. A further burst of rapid development in the 1970s and 1980s, fuelled largely by skyrocketing oil prices, forced Saudi Arabia to confront even more change as the country acquired all the trappings of modern infrastructure.

The sensitive kingdom faces constant pressure from its subjects

But change brought friction and resentment, with the royal family controlling much of the economy in a country where unemployment is rampant and opportunities for the middle class curtailed.

There have been superficial reforms. Religious dissent, *razzle-dazzle*, continues to grow. Within Saudi Arabia's borders lie Mecca and Medina, the holiest of Muslim cities. Mecca, birthplace of the prophet Mohammed, is the city towards which Muslims around the world pray five times daily. Medina is where Mohammed is entombed. Islam is ingrained in all aspects of the country's culture, and the Saudi justice system is a strict form of Sharia, Islam's sacred law. But conservative religious leaders have strongly criticized the royal family over Saudi Arabia's reliance on the West for economic development and external security.

The U.S. military presence, ostensibly to check the ever-present threat from neighbouring Iraq, is a constant sore point. Some leaders also believe that the six million foreigners in the kingdom are corrupting the faithful. The monarchy has made efforts to "Saudi-ize" the workforce by offering employment training to citizens. That strategy, experts say, is failing, primarily because foreign manual labour is cheaper than hiring locally, and in many respects is also more reliable. In higher positions, many Saudis do not want to work as subordinates to foreign specialists, who by nature of their expertise are often the bosses. "The hierarchical view of jobs," writes Daryl Chapman, a research scholar at the Centre for Arab and Islamic Studies at the Australian National University in Canberra, "dictates that nothing less than a position of authority, status and respect is honourable."

Saudi Arabia is also facing a population explosion that is fueling the ranks of the extremists. Experts estimate that nearly half of the Saudi people are below the age of 17, most of them unemployed and more inclined to listen to radical messages. There are signs of increasing violence. After the execution of a political dissident in August, 1995, a building belonging to the U.S.-trained Saudi National Guard was the target of a bombing. And after four Saudis accused of the attack were executed the following May, a U.S. military housing complex was levelled by another blast, killing 19 Americans and injuring more than 400. Reports last week indicated 13 Saudis belonging to a militant Hezbollah group will be indicted for the attack.

Crown Prince Abdullah, the de facto ruler because of his half-brother King Fahd's ill health, is seen by some Saudis as the country's best chance of avoiding wider unrest. "He's a very devout Muslim, one with whom traditional Saudis are comfortable," says Middle East expert Judith Vojtek, a senior fellow at the Washington-based Institute for National Strategic Studies. "But he's also seen as a reformer." It's a tough balancing act, for a ruler caught between demands for change and pressure to turn back the clock.

Michael Switzer

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# 'EARLY IN, EARLY OUT'

By RAE CORRELL

Children playing in the rubble of Zalambessa, a once-thriving border town 600 km north of the Ethiopian capital of Addis Ababa, dash from behind a fallen building. They then disappear into the dust that a Canadian armoured patrol vehicle is kicking high into the dry air, only to re-emerge laughing and waving at the heavily armed soldiers of a rifle battalion known as Hoot Company. As long as the Canadian peacekeepers are around, the children are free to enjoy the fragile truce between their nation and neighbouring Eritrea. Their parents especially appreciate the presence of the blue-helmeted soldiers and often invite them into their bombed-out homes for tea. "Without the Canadians, there would be no peace," said Berhane Refasa, 48, a businessman living in Zalambessa, which Eritreans levelled with bulldozers "1 year with they could stay here for good."

His wish will go unanswered. Some of the Canadians who arrived in East Africa last fall have already returned home; the rest will follow by the end of July. Their six-month assignment to preserve the ceasefire between Ethiopia and breakaway Eritrea is one example of what Canada has planned for future peacekeeping missions. For more than 50 years, Canadian peacekeepers have been cooling down hot spots around the world, sometimes remaining for decades to monitor ceasefires between warring factions—and in the process earning an unparalleled reputation among the United Nations' global cops. Now, however, Ottawa says it can no longer afford the cost of open-ended commitments to peacekeeping. Under its new "early in, early out" policy, troops will assess and stabilize a tract before handing the mission over to less-experienced forces from other countries. The department of national defence will also start annual assessments of how long each mission should last. Traditional open-ended peacekeeping, says Maj.-Gen. Cameron Ross, the defence department's director general of international security policy, "is history. We're living within our budget because we have to."

Canadian troops, for example, have been in Cyprus since 1964, po-

**Canadian peacekeeping is changing as Ottawa backs away from open-ended missions**



Eritrean children greet a new type of peacekeeper.

July/Aug. 15, 2001 29





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TASTE THE FREEDOM

Arise when they caught him trying to steal material from their camp. The government dismantled the regiment, but only one of the nine soldiers court-martialed in the incident was obviously convicted of manslaughter.

Canada has since sent observers to other African hot spots, including Sierra Leone and the Democratic Republic of Congo. But with 450 Canadian personnel on the ground, Ethiopia marks a significant return to Africa. Master Warrant Officer Ernie Hall, 40, is on his fifth UN assignment. He was a member of the

Arborne regiment but did not serve in Somalia. Arson's killer, Hall said, "was someone who just hadn't been caught." He added: "The murder left a black mark on Canadian peacekeeping that will never go away. But this is a chance to put it right."

War was not on the horizon when Eritrea gained its independence from Ethiopia in 1993. Because of their shared history and the onerous relationship between their leaders, the two countries had never bothered to formally mark the boundary between them. But, in 1998,

they suddenly went to war over the border region of Badna. The Eritreans, thousands of whom died in human-wave assaults, had by late June pushed Eritrean forces deep inside their own territory. Under the auspices of the Organization of African Unity Plan, the two sides agreed to make peace, and part of the deal was the creation of a buffer zone to be patrolled by international peacekeepers.

The Canadian and a Dutch battalion control the mountainous, dusty central sector of a 300-km-long security zone 25 km deep. When they first arrived, says Hall, the opposing armies were facing each other, entrenched in bunkers 300 m apart. "I expected a lot of shooting, but there hasn't been any," Hall said. Unlike Somalia and Rwanda, where it was impossible to distinguish one faction from another, he said, "these are two disciplined armies from sovereign states."

Still, the Canadians take no chances. Backed by 20 light-armored vehicles, they move along pre-bolted roads, sometimes on foot, watching for troop movements and taking civilians for weapons. "We're here to make sure both sides stick to the agreement," said Master Cpl Pat Whalen of Wolford, Ont. Master Cpl Raymond Berthelot, 31, of Sudbury, Ont., said that when the Canadians go into a village, "the local population knows we have no ethnic ties to one side or the other." Added Berthelot, a Bosnia veteran: "They're very friendly. These people just want to get back to life."

There remains less to do before tensions diminish. Some 750,000 Eritreans are waiting for the day when they can return home. Civil administration and local police work as well. Another challenge confronted by UN forces whenever they have gone: landmines. An estimated 500,000 lie buried in the two countries.

For the Canadians in Ethiopia, it's all in a day's work. "It's great to put the training into practice," said Pte. Daniel MacIntyre, 24, of Cardigan, P.E.I. It's a job that Hall, like many others, believes Canadians are ideally suited to perform. "We have strong values and decency," he says. "That makes it easy for us to accept our international responsibility." But with Ottawa's new clarity in, early-on, policy, that responsibility will never vary different in the years to come.

With Stefan Langer in Zolobesse and Luke Fisher in Ottawa



## WHERE THEY'RE STILL ON GUARD

Many old habits for soldiers, sailors and airmen. But nearly a decade of budget cuts and scandals have left the Canadian Forces in a unique oddity with Ottawa's government to maintain Canada's image as a full participant in the world community. At the peak in 1993, 4,641 military personnel were deployed on international peacekeeping duties. By the end of July, only 1,521 will be on such missions—the lowest since the Second World War.

Over the last three weeks, the remaining 266 troops working alongside a Dutch battalion on the

Ethiopia-Eritrea border will return home, next to the Saginaw, N.B.-based Royal Canadian Regiment. Another group soon to see family are the 476 soldiers on board the frigates HMCS Charlottetown, based in Halifax, and HMCS Whalpole, from Esplanade, B.C. They had been enforcing the United Nations' economic sanctions against Iraq in the Persian Gulf and Arabian Sea.

Canada's only major operation still under way is a force of 1,641 troops in Bosnia Herzegovina—and it talks set for the United Nations, but as part of the heavily armed NATO Stabilization Force,

There since 1996, it is an open-ended mission the Quebec government says it is committed to until a "sustainable peace" comes to the region.

The remaining 266 soldiers actually wearing the United Nations' blue berets are on 13 missions scattered across Africa, the Middle East and Europe. Apart from the Guba Heights, where 160 Canadians patrol the border between Syria and Israel, the missions are small and unexciting. In Sierra Leone, for instance, 16 soldiers are providing training for the local army, while others in a base in Canada posted as an observer in Croatia.

Luke Fisher

Photo by [unreadable]

# WHO WOULD BE CAESAR?

BY JOHN GIDDIES AND JULIAN BETHFAME in Ottawa

**O**n your marks, get set, stay set, steady now, hold that position for a year or two... GCE

With Jean Chrétien's gripping the nation's pulse, the presence of Liberal leadership aspirants jostling for positions in the unadorned run for the Prime Minister's job is going to be surely sound. The betting inside the party is that a leadership convention may be called as late as the spring of 2003. But as House of Commons business wound down before this week's beginning of the MP's summer break, the field seemed to grow more crowded by the day.

Chrétien has been reading subtle—some might say confused—signals about the rules of engagement. Broadly speaking, the guidelines for cabinet ministers assessing their chances amount to

this by all means. Move up this summer by sitting at barbecues attended by the party rank and file, but don't drink your dinner or, much worse, do anything that smacks of trying to harness Chrétien's exit, and you will be punished.

The pack assembling for this political marathon is made up of three tiers—first if you think Paul Martin stands alone in the favourite. For those unwilling to concede him that big a lead, the finance minister is counted first in a row, along with Allan Rock and Brian Tobin, of candidates generally running to win. Behind them is a cluster of credible figures assumed to be overcompensating bids mainly to enhance their clout. Finally, there are the latter-concomitant very belated hopefuls for whom running might be a way of showcasing special policy interests—or just exercising their option.

Martin's presence in early assessment of the field

## BRIAN TOBIN, 46

MINISTER OF INDUSTRY  
REP: Captain Canada

When Brian Tobin abandoned federal politics in 1996 to run his province, there were few doubts as to why. With Chrétien smiling in for the long haul, being Newfoundland premier seemed like a good place to build a separate political identity. He returned to the major leagues for his full's election, assuming what everyone else did—that Chrétien would not seek a fourth term. Tobin and Rock are rivals for the party's so-called social wing. Sources close to both say they have an informal understanding that if they finish second and third behind Martin on a first ballot, the third-place man will throw his support to the guy running second. But for



Tobin to be ahead of Rock, he will have to make up a lot of ground. Tobin's organization is far weaker—and this is a battle to elect delegates at the riding level, not win over public opinion through the media. Then there's the image issue: Tobin's was fired in the public mind during 1995's fish war with Spain. But as Canadian Alliance Leader Stockwell Day has learned the hard way, a gift for flashy photo ops is not always the best way to look prime ministerial.

## ALLAN ROCK, 53

MINISTER OF HEALTH REP: Gun Controller

While nobody seriously questions that Martin has the best national organization, Rock's network is also extensive. He is strong on his home turf of Toronto, and in Winnipeg and Vancouver. Surprisingly for this left-of-centre contender, his strongest ally is that he will show well in Alberta. There, reworking in Canadian conservatism's heartland, anyone still a Liberal tends to be a true believer. Rock will present himself as a man who has stood up for those core party beliefs—as health minister, battling the provinces to restrain Ontario's assault on medicare's champions, and before that, as justice minister, pushing through a gun-registration law that made him a prime target for attacks from the right. Yet Rock's political persona is hardly that of a scrapper. He exudes discretion; it is not the style of a firebrand. Still, a top Rock strategic argues that he can "be



positioned as the agent of change," while Martin is yesterday's news—co-sponsor of the three-term Chrétien-Martin era.

## PAUL MARTIN, 62

MINISTER OF FINANCE  
REP: Deficit Slayer

He is so far ahead that his main problem might be the tendency of crowds to cheer for an underdog. On the other hand, Liberals love a winner even more. The superficial take on Martin's long tenure in Finance emphasizes the dramatic reversal of public-finance forecasts from crashing deficits to cushioning surpluses. If that were

Martin, Tobin and Rock are really in it to win. Others have different motives for running



all there was to his record, though, he would be far more vulnerable to being portrayed as nothing more than a right-fisted business-type. In fact, if Martin is the centre-right candidate, the secret fills far more on the centre than the right. His fiscal successes owe more to boosting tax revenues than lowering the boom on spending. Indeed, say his campaign will emphasize the more openhanded part of his legacy. Which fits a big focus on the way he crunched registered education savings plans in 1998. "I'm the guy who clipped in when you were saying to send your kids to university" sounds a lot better on the campaign than "I'm the guy whom bankers in New York and London adore because I balanced the books."

## ANNE McLELLAN, 50

MINISTER OF JUSTICE  
RFP: Western Credibility

IMcLellan throws her hat in the ring—far from a sure thing—it will be because Liberals persuaded her to show that their party has a presence in the West. She would have next to no hope of winning, but McLellan would not likely be embarrassed. The federal Liberals are, for the first time, choosing delegates on a proportional, rather than winner-take-all, system.

That means a candidate who can put up a good showing in a given region will send at least some delegates to the convention, even without winning outright in a single riding. The problem, to use the socio's cliché, is figuring out McLellan's motivation. After all, is she the party's Alberta

heavyweight, respected chairwoman of the cabinet social policy committee and a close ally of Martin to boot, McLellan has no need to shore up her position. She is secured a big cabinet job for as long as she can keep getting re-elected. Still, should she run and perform well, McLellan might expect to reap two dividends: the party's grassroots and an even better position in the Martin fold, if she could bring her western delegates and credibility on the convention floor

## SHEILA COPPS, 48

MINISTER OF CANADIAN HERITAGE  
RFP: Mr. Visibility

Copps was a flamboyant performer in opposition as a member of the Liberal Rat Pack, and then a prominent player in the first nine of the Chrétien government as deputy prime minister. Since then, however, her prominence has declined. Another run for the leadership (she was a contender in 1990 as well) would seek to shore up her status to secure a major role in the next Liberal regime. Yet some former Copps supporters are urging her privately not to run. At least one major regional organizer from Copps's 1990 bid has already urged on to campaigns for Rock. Still, a handful of legislators have begun talking her up in recent weeks since she spuffed her interest in a long shot bid. "She's a very committed at this point," said a Copps

strategist. But, he added, "we're only in the qualifying heats now." The same strategist said her campaign would present her as a champion of "making sure Canadian stories are told and heard"—touting the government's recent commitment of \$500 million to culture, from the CBC to the Canada Council, as primarily her accomplishment.

## JOHN MANLEY, 51

MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS  
RFP: High-tech, Low-politix

While his mentor has started pepping up regularly in leadership speculation, the Ottawa MP's entry in the race is by no means certain. To run, says Manley, he would need to be convinced he could win. "The best minister of industry for seven years, best minister of foreign affairs," he says. "What on earth would I gain by running and losing?" Maybe's chance next time around. Manley is interestingly positioned as the leading cabinet aide to Rock and Tahir, who sits right rather than left. Consider the long shot: Given his age, Manley might be a one-term leader. If business-oriented Ontario Liberals are looking to help position a candidate who might drive Rock or Tahir after Martin has his

term, Manley might be their guy. But that is several chess moves away, and leadership politics is usually more like checkers. So look for Manley to possibly throw his support to Martin before the convention. Then, he can perhaps claim the job he covets—finance.

Van de Perre says skin colour gives Edwards (below) no greater chance to Eljah

The Supreme Court must grapple with the issue of race in a fierce custody battle

## NOT JUST BLACK AND WHITE

Even by the often-racy standards of custody cases, Kimberly Van de Perre vs. Theodora (Blue) Edwards has been vicious and destructive. As each side has staked its claim to a playful four-year-old named Eljah, the charges and countercharges have run the gamut—starting with mutual accusations of paedophilia. Then there's Edwards' wealth and coyness as a former NBA player for the Vancouver Grizzlies—and his claim the mother is a "gold digger." Still, there's no doubt the most incendiary issue in the mix is race—Van de Perre is white; Edwards black. It's one so contentious two different courts have reached opposite conclusions about who should be Eljah's primary custodian.

Last week, Canada's Supreme Court became the third and final court to get involved. In February, 1999, a B.C. Supreme Court judge gave custody to Van de Perre, a part-time receptionist at a Vancouver hotel. A year later, the B.C. Court of Appeal reversed the custody to Edwards, who is now accused from profligate and lies with

his wife, Valerie, and twin 11-year-old girls in Chudston, N.C. Lawyers for both sides, who presented their arguments last week, say the key was before the Supreme Court is which parent would be best for Eljah—the 27-year-old mother, whom the Edwards accuse of being an irresponsible party-giver, or the 36-year-old father, who, by his own admission, had had three extramarital affairs, including the one with Van de Perre in 1996.

But the court, which is expected to rule later this summer, has a rare opportunity to offer guidance on the rare race-shed play in custody cases. "This has the potential of setting a very important precedent," says Sherrill Scott of the African Canadian Legal Clinic, which is intervening in the case. To date, says Scott, Canadian courts have been "dithering the way" on the issue. Some have viewed photographs of the child and, all things being equal, ruled in favour of the parent the offspring most resembled. Other courts have dismissed physical

characteristics as a factor. Adoption agencies, for the most part, now attempt to place children in families sharing similar birth cultures, says Peter Breen, director of services with the Woods-4-u-win Family Services, an aboriginal child-care agency in Fort Frances, Ont. "Love and nurturing is one element," he says. "But if you're an Ojibwe Indian being raised in a culture that's really different, yes, I think something important is lost."

But just what is the child losing? Edwards says since society will regard Eljah as black, he is best able to teach him how to make his way in a predominantly white culture (a point the B.C. appeals court also made). That is doubly true for Eljah, he says, because he suspects Van de Perre or others around her of denigrating his African-American makeup. "Right now he's confused," he told reporters. "He was told black people are dirty, black people are mean." Van de Perre denies she has disparaged blacks and notes her husband remains in contact with his father should she win custody. Besides, she adds, the race issue is a non-issue if Eljah is as much white as he is black.

If the parents agree on one thing, it's that the tug-of-war is not healthy for Eljah, who, of late, has been jettisoned back and forth between Vancouver and Charlottetown every three weeks. Steven Manfredi, who represents Van de Perre, says the current arrangement cannot continue with Eljah approaching school age.

"In weighing the race factor will be a task even the biblical Solomon would not relish, never mind the nine Supreme Court justices, all of whom are white. An out the court may take, says Barbara Balmer, one of two lawyers representing Edwards, is that there was no expert testimony or trial dealing with the race factor. "The court would always like a record in the court before and some expert opinion and there was very little evidence," she notes. That would allow the court to render a ruling on more typical custody issues. But with in-trial racial matches on the race in Canada, the court would only be leaving the rough question for another day.

Julian Dettmer is in Ottawa

In the 1960s, Ottawa targeted gays and lesbians as the enemy within

# TALE OF A WITCH HUNT

BY SUE FERGUSON

Homosexuality constitutes a security threat. Certain homosexual characteristics—instability, willing self-deceit, defiance towards society and a tendency to surround himself with other homosexuals—do not inspire confidence.

*Conclusions of federal Security Panel documents (SP-199), May 12, 1959*

At the time this document was circulating, Herbert Sutcliffe was a 62-year-old major in the Canadian army. By then a career soldier, Sutcliffe had begun his military career in the Second World War, fighting in France and Germany. Afterward, he returned to his home town to pursue a history degree from the University of Toronto. But in 1950, he passed up graduate school at Yale in order to make the military his professional life. After rising through the ranks for the next dozen years, the ground branch had felt away on June 1, 1967, leaving his career and personal life in shambles.

Sutcliffe was in Ottawa that day mulling himself for a prestigious post at the Pentagon in Washington when his commanding officer delivered the blow: the army had confirmed that he was a homosexual and, on that basis, was discharging him. Shocked and averted, Sutcliffe went home, had a drink and contemplated suicide. "There was nobody I dared to confide in," he recalls 40 years later in his modest downtown Toronto apartment. "Nobody at all."

Despite his feelings of isolation, Sut-



At a loss, Sutcliffe contemplated suicide.

cliffe was not alone in his misfortune. Between 1959 and 1968, the Security Panel—a committee of RCMP officers and representatives from the Privy Council, National Defence and External Affairs—investigated 9,000 men and women suspected of homosexuality. The panel targeted the civil service, the military and the Mounties, spending millions of dollars in the process—some of them on such

flimsy measures as the "fruit machine," a device designed to differentiate gay from straight. Like Sutcliffe, at least 395 people lost their jobs. Those nine years, says Gary Krimmas, a sociology professor at Laurentian University in Sudbury, Ont., and co-author of the forthcoming book *The Canadian War on "Queers"*, forced Canadian gay and lesbians further into the closet.

The lost jobs were sacrificed to national security, or so said the government of the day. At the height of the Cold War, Ottawa expressed concern that gay men in employment were a weak link in national defence. The RCMP formed a "character weakness" unit in 1956 to scrutinize civil servants' backgrounds for evidence of alcoholism, extramarital affairs or anything else that might make them vulnerable to blackmail. Within a few short years, says Krimmas, "character weakness had become a code word for homosexual," and sexual practices became the primary focus of investigation.

The idea that homosexuality was a character weakness fit in

with the day's popular views. But hard evidence that gay and lesbians actually constituted a threat to national security was difficult to establish. Once, in the mid-1950s, the RCMP had tried to coerce information from a Canadian clerk assigned in Moscow with photos depicting his involvement in a homosexual encounter. The clerk refused to co-operate. Instead, he defiantly reported the coercion to his superiors, and was promptly fired de-

spite—indeed, because of—his unassailable loyalty. Nonetheless, that incident was widely cited at the time as a portent of what might have been.

Sutcliffe's exposure followed the predictable pattern. While a 24-year-old lance-corporal posted to Britain, he had his first sexual encounters—with a Canadian Army sergeant—on New Year's Eve, 1941. As he moved through the ranks, he took care to avoid sex with military areas, fearing it could compromise his authority. "I thought," he recalls, "the time might come when I'd be in control of them and they'd say 'You can't order me around. I know you're a queer.'"

One evening in 1962, he went home with a civil servant when the RCMP had already identified as a suspected homosexual. Soon afterward, a police agent presented the man for a name. "He broke down," says Sutcliffe, "and told them he had slept with me."

Sutcliffe's name was now on the dreaded "alleged list." It was a Washington undercover policeman who, he believes, asked his fate. While in the city preparing for his job as the Pentagon's spy master, he accepted an invitation to the policeman's apartment. "After I had let out that I was homosexual," recalls Sutcliffe, "he said, 'I'm a police officer. You're under arrest.'"

The army major spent the night in jail, and, denying everything, was released without

*A growing concern about Maj. Sutcliffe in 1957*



On June 1, 1967, Maj. Herbert Sutcliffe, one of the few men in the Canadian army, was discharged from the army after being found to be gay. Sutcliffe recalls that it was in Ottawa where the "ray nearly drove him to suicide."

When I left my apartment, the officers were then passing, everything to go to Washington. I had got the plan of army postings, the Pentagon. I drove to the office and was to have lunch at the officers' mess and then drive to Washington. When I arrived, someone said, "The colonel wants to see you." I went into his office, and he was standing there and said, "You're not having a lunch here. You're not going to Washington. You'll be out of the army tomorrow. The RCMP have proved to us that you are a homosexual."

It was just, just, just like that. I was in shock. The military was my life. I came home and the mess was still there and I said, "Take everything out of your truck and put it back in the apartment. When they left, I poured myself a scotch and soda. I went in the bedroom, I got a large out of the drawer and put the bullets in it. Came into the living room, put the gun on top of the television and thought, 'No, I'm not going to let these bastards do it.' So I put the gun away and I learned to live with it."

But what do I tell my friends? My family? None of them knew about my homosexuality. What I told them was that they gave the Pentagon post to someone else and that I wasn't going to have anything more to do with the army. They bought it. When I finally came home to Toronto, I told my brother-in-law and sister [the true story]. They never put their arms around me and said, "We love you anyway, dear worry." They just went on as if this was nothing at all and they had their work to do and not to bother them. You live through these things.

## History

changes before returning to Ottawa.

The elaborate informant network that snugged Sutcliffe and others required substantial manpower and funds. In an attempt to lend a scientific veneer to the proceedings, the Security Panel in 1968 turned to Robert White, former psychology department chairman at Carleton University in Ottawa. White set up an array of clinical tests aimed at distinguishing gays from straights. Menzies looked subjects up to various constipations, measuring perspiration, pupil dilation and finger blood flow, and gauged their reaction to words such as fish, flies, fruit, mother, punk.

And queer, and photos of scantily clad people. The "fruit machine," however, never moved beyond the pilot stage, and the project's funding was cut off in the late 1960s.

But the investigations continued. In fact, says Kremen, "the security campaign was never officially called off. It simply became less visible." Not only were

civil servants forming unions and asserting broader rights and freedoms, the personnel needs of an expanding bureaucracy and changing social attitudes combined to gradually increase tolerance. By the late 1960s, says Kremen, homosexuals in jobs with lower security clearance levels would tend to be denied promotion rather than face discharge. Still, pages of

snore to homosexuals who are not open about their sexuality if it believes this has makes them vulnerable to blackmail.

Kremen believes Ottawa should grant victims of the security campaign an apology and compensation, and knows of at least one person who is pursuing the matter through the courts. Sutcliffe, meanwhile, doesn't hold a grudge. After being drummed out of the military, he returned to Toronto and enrolled in teacher's college, later landing a job teaching history in a high school. In this, he sees more than a little irony. "The military had thrown me out because I'm a homosexual, and here

I am teaching 11-, 19-, 20-year-old males." In his post-army life, Sutcliffe chose to keep his sexuality private until he retired in 1979. Finally, he says, "I reached the point where I wouldn't apologize for being gay. That's the way I am, and I'm comfortable with it."

For Info: [www.cbc.ca](http://www.cbc.ca)

### THE 'FRUIT MACHINE' PROJECT AIMED TO DIFFERENTIATE GAYS FROM STRAIGHTS

lobbies and gays from the military, and policies prohibiting their employment in the RCMP, continued until 1988. Four years later, the military officially ended its discriminatory policies. The Canadian Security Intelligence Service remains the only holdout. While sexuality is not, in itself, a security issue, CSIS may recommend against granting high-level clear-

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# NOT ALL BAD NEWS

Yes, there are tech layoffs. But a lot of people are being snapped up by other companies

By Katherine Mackinnon

**H**ugh Beyene, a recruiter with a Montreal-based technology firm, is looking for what he calls "diamonds." He wants to hire people who can work with "high-octane, cutting-edge multimedia technology" for a new research and development centre, and he says the recent rash of layoffs in the tech industry has been a boon. Not, mind you, for the tens of thousands who are out looking for work. Rather, he's after people who are still employed—and oddly, today's climate of cutbacks helps him pry them loose from their posts. "Layoffs create a sense of insecurity, uncertainty, instability—even for those candidates who retain their jobs," Beyene says. "They become much more displaceable."

BilibioMendoza's Jones (left) and Beyene are on the hunt for new blood



Over the past year, the information technology industry has been battered with bad news: dot-coms have disappeared out of business, market companies have lowered earnings expectations, and thousands have been laid off. Just last week, Noriel Networks Corp. cut 10,000 more jobs in addition to the 20,000 it had already slashed across its worldwide operations. But just as the hiring plans of BilibioMendoza Canada Inc., the electronic-library company Bayview works for, ran counter to the wider trends, the bad news headlines made the rubicon of an industry with many mistakes and many secrets. For instance, Calgary is hot, says Kevin Doe, who runs Eagle Professional Resources Inc., a tech recruiting firm with offices across Canada. Ottawa is not, says Carol Ann MacDonald of Proterra Resourcing Inc. At first, not so the

all-southern technology products side of the business, adds MacDonald, a recruiter focused exclusively on the capital's high-tech market. Timno-based Blue Power, who seeks out high-end executives in managing director of Canada for Korn/Ferry International, says there is strong demand for top-notch leadership candidates. And Beyene—himself a recent hire—is actively looking for Web developers, software architects and product specialists for BilibioMendoza, a company in full expansion mode.

Over the past two months, since he pinned the firm, Beyene has interviewed 57 individuals and hired 14. In the 3½ years since Todd Jones became BilibioMendoza's president and chief executive, it has grown from 20 employees to 120. Now, with a R and D center, BilibioMendoza is creating 30 new programming positions.

None of this would give comfort to Bob Elliott, a Vancouver-based IT project co-ordinator who was laid off three months ago. Elliott, 50, was among the first wave of techies to be swept up in the early 1990s by the Internet. Originally a social worker, Elliott quit his job one day in 1992, after 13 years of taking care of people. A friend had given him an old Macintosh computer and he'd begun exploring the then-emergent Internet, using a modem. He recalls the ex-

citement of his first time on the Net, making a use in Australia. "It was such an absolutely mind-boggling moment, it was knocked out," And hooked. Elliott soon found a job providing customer support for now-defunct Winway Information Services, the same company he was using to log on to the Internet. The job was busy but his online connection was free and he was able to telecommute and work from home. "I could support myself doing this thing," he says. "I thought I was in heaven."

Today Elliott is disillusioned with the stockpile. He's survived takeovers, swoonings, bad losses, American owners and his own job-hopping. Even though he was there from the beginning in the tech bubble, and even though he's been paid in options, he says he's no millionaire. A little more than a year ago, he



casted in his first block of options, making roughly \$20,000—a nice sum but hardly enough to change his life. In the space of three years, when the global rush to the Internet was on between 1996 and 1999, Elliott worked for five different companies. Now, he's out of work and considering another career change. (He even responded to a newspaper ad for a part-time actor.) The tech position was starting to wane when he was laid off, he says. "My best experience was with the most-end pop shops," he says, referring to his early free-lancing days at Winway.

The experts might want to dissuade Elliott from throwing in the towel just yet. In the United States a year ago, there was a shortage of 1.4 million technology workers. While that number has fallen to 900,000, it's not expected to drop any

further. By 2005, the U.S. department of labor predicts a million technology jobs will go unfilled. Comparable numbers for Canada are tough to come by, but the experts believe the trends are similar. Venture capital outlets also indicate the industry is coming out of a slump, says Korn/Ferry's Porter. While spending has plummeted from a year ago, he says, the current level is about on par with 1999, indicating that start-up investments, like much else in the industry, are starting to move toward solid levels.

Still, the tech world has seen a massive shakeup. At least 435 substantial Internet companies in North America have shut down since January 2000, almost half of them in the first four months of this year. More than 52,500 dot-com jobs have disappeared since April, 2000, according to information gathered by Korn/Ferry.

As jobs went out, so too much of the techies. Barely seen now are referrals because, given to employees who recommended a successful new hire, At Noriel, the bonus was up to \$8,000. Today, Noriel has put that program on hold, and in further proof of a much tighter market, a paying externity graduate to whom it had earlier offered employment \$3,000 to stay away.

The contraction in the technology industry won't last long, predicts Eagle Doe. It's only in perspective, he believes. "We should be seeing the job market improving, come the fall," Promotes MacDonald says. Nor every venture can succeed, of course, but it's not to forget how quickly technology has become part of daily life. In the office where she worked in 1995, MacDonald recalls, not everyone had a computer on the desk. "It sounds unimaginable," she says today. Dime for a e-mail. Six years ago, Canada Post would deliver mail of the risqué that came into her office. Seven years ago, they came via fax. "Now I never get mad and I don't use fax machines because everything is electronic," she says. "There was a whole mix of sitcoms and people had worst two shows evaluations and there will be a whole mix of sitcoms that will go into the next wave." And, of course, a whole new of displaceables. ■

# GRAND PRIX WIZARDRY



By DANYLO HAWALESHKA

**F**ormula One is a sport of constant and rapid change. During the course of a season, spanning 17 races, seven months and five continents, as much as 70 percent of a car's mechanics, electronics and aerodynamics will be redesigned and rebuilt before a world champion is crowned in October. It's a multimillion-dollar race for speed in which high-end technology plays a crucial role—often far from the track. Take Caroline Hogue, a former Motorola who is now a vehicle dynamics engineer for McLaren International in Woking, England. Hogue, who completed her formal education at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., and at Cambridge in England, now builds mathematical models that digitally mimic the performance of the F1 car driven by two-time world champion Mika Häkkinen and David Coulthard, currently No. 2 in the quest for this year's championship. "It's amazing what can be achieved now," says Hogue, "all within seconds on a computer."

So possible, in fact, to build a virtual For-

mula One car and race it around any track in the world without leaving the office. Hogue's work allows the McLaren Mercedes F1 team of 350 engineers, designers and technicians to test prototypes before going to the expense of building one. During practice sessions, if Häkkinen or Coulthard find themselves struggling with their cars, Hogue, 33, and her colleagues can simulate several different set-

**Auto racing is as much about fast computers as about fast cars**

up-air settings to improve handling before the set-up of the actual car is altered. But computer simulations are just one of the ways in which modern technologies make some of the world's finest cars go even faster. Just a widely used programming language developed by Sun Microsystems Inc. of Palo Alto, Calif., helps McLaren engineers design the complex software—featuring more than 500,000 lines of

code—that powers each car's electronics. More than 120 sensors monitor performance. Everything from speed and brake wear to suspension loads and steering-wheel angle is monitored. As a car handles gas grids and ruts, it transmits radio signals to trackside transponders, which relay the encrypted data to the garage for deciphering. The data are also whisked away, either by high-speed telephone lines or satellite link-up, to McLaren headquarters in Woking for near-instant analysis.

Each car generates about three megabytes of data per lap. Sun serves its protective housings, affectionately known as bank stations, collect and store the steady stream of information to the garage, while the Java programming crunches the numbers into usable data. But radio telemetry has shortcomings, and buildings, tunnels and fires often block the signal, says Andrew Knight, McLaren's information systems manager. Up to three seconds of data per lap can be lost. "Which doesn't sound like a lot," says Knight, "but it's a big headache for the engineers."

Thinking complete set-up for any For-

mula One course. This year, however, has been particularly challenging with the introduction of launch control, used during the standing starts that are a characteristic of the world's most popular race series (more than 300 million television viewers watch each event). Sitting on the grid, F1's current speed-limit rules rely on the electronics system behind launch control to moderate the engine's revolutions. This avoids traction loss due to tire spin during the drivers' mad sprint to the first corner. With the new limiter engaged, the restricted engine makes the racket of a jackhammer pounding pavement, only lower and louder, prompting one frequent nose-gor to dub the system "the diabolic control." It has proven limiting the possible decline of good old-fashioned, seat-of-the-pants driving.

But Steve Hollins, McLaren's chief engineer and a respected veteran of 20 years of F1 racing, suggests machine is not tampering over man. "The driver is arguably one of the most sensitive instruments that we have in the car," says Hollins, whose experience includes six victories with legendary Brazilian Ayrton Senna, considered by some the best in the world before he died in a crash in 1994. "The driver doesn't just press the pedal and turn the steering wheel. He feels, sees and experiences what the car is doing."

Still, some drivers have complained that their skills are being subverted by software. It hasn't helped that there have been spectacular launch-control failures, most notably in Austria last month, when four cars were displaced at the start, engines stalled. When it works—and the computer is usually successful at that—the 10 Grand Prix in Montreal suggests the bugs have been rooted out—launch control is now as reliable a system as what had been an unpredictable environment. "It enables a driver," says Hollins, "to go through a sequence of events, initiate the system, and launch the car, but with a better word, in a very consistent manner."

Formula One can be astonishingly fast to begin with. At 600 kg, including the driver, they are a third of the weight of a common six-cylinder sedan. That same fiery car would have a 200-horsepower engine, but in F1 an easily quadrupled that output. And what goes fast must also slow down. At the Montreal Grand Prix, car flying along at 320 km/h were able to decelerate to about 80 km/h for a tight

corner he's taking his life. The added up of traction control. When says with a grin, in a shrill. "It's a cool feeling."

Formula One is all about emotions. Atmospheric, it's a combination of swirling circuit-track concentration, deflating speed and race-woman. Exhilaration adds to the allure. In Montreal, guests at the paddock club, located over main grandstands in their lane, dined on valdaisian-bocci, savoring racers with champagne and bottled beer, while awaiting a glass of Pouilly Fumé or champagne. The brushed-iron napkins were by Hermès of Paris.

Formula One is about money, too. Top teams spend as much as \$375 million a season going around in circles. It comes from sponsors like German cigarette-maker Rasmussen. Packages of the company's American-blend cigarettes, West, lay open on each table in the paddock club, promising "Full Flavor" and carrying as uply Canadian warning labels.

F1 is also about sex. Supermodels came to the track as dates of the drivers. Cleavage-baring bionics pose beside the cars. During a dramatic broadcast beamed to three flat-panel plasma display screens in the McLaren hospitality suite, driver David Coulthard held the well-lit assembly he filed Montreal's challenging circuit. But in an unguarded moment, Coulthard mysteriously seemed deeply in his thinking. "I



Coulthard's visor, reflected in a Formula 1 helmet and in other (opposite), is viewed

**AS A CAR HURTLES PAST GRANDSTANDS, IT TRANSMITS DATA FROM 120 SENSORS**

corner in less than the length of a Canadian football field. You might think a driver like Austrian Alex Wurz would want to slow down. In 1998, in Montreal, Wurz barrelled his car five times at the start of the race in a frightening crash that, sensationally, left him unharmed. Today though, he's a high-speed driver for McLaren, helping develop motion control, which was reintroduced this year. Drivers can now get back on full throttle more quickly when coming corners, and not worrying as much about the car's braking end slipping out, or the engine over-revving when the tires lose the ground of hitting the bumps straight in a curve. The impact on lap times is stunning. At the Montreal race, 16 out of 22 cars had better qualifying times than last year's pole sitters. Wurz calls in the speed, even though he

thinks Montreal's got some of the greatest girls in any sport. He's not seen anywhere in the world, "I heard it's a disaster from the audience." So I definitely am not interested in going to Montreal. But women, faster cars. To sustain the drive, the cars must remain dangerously quick. That inevitably means more technology. On the horizon, Hogue foresees the day when her computer simulations will mimic not just the cars, but the drivers as well, with the software taking into account each driver's driving style. "No matter how good a car you build, you need to incorporate the driver in some way," says Hogue. "If the driver like the car, he's not going to push it to the limit." And that's what Formula One is all about: testing limits with style, speed and a little help from some very fast computers. ■

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## Tech Explorer

### COOL SITE

## Liberating e-mail

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most major free online e-mail sites, such as Yahoo! and Hotmail, provide the option of multilingual content in the text of a message, Chinese speakers, say—not to mention Japanese, South Asian and many other non-Western cyber-buffs—are limited to using Roman characters in their e-mail addresses. Now, a Toronto-based company, Netica, owned by a group of Asian-Canadian twenty-somethings, has developed software and a Web site allowing people to address e-mail in their native tongues. So far, the site, [www.32101.com](http://www.32101.com), functions only in Chinese and English, but its developers plan to add more languages soon.



Paul Ingers, Anson will log on

Users set up an account at the site, log in and get their mail as they would at Hotmail or Yahoo!—all without punching in a single English character. They must also download language character conversion software from the Net. Business development director Kevin Patel says the system is the first of its kind because the former Engineering Task Force, the Internet standards body, has yet to lay

down any guidelines for multilingual e-mail addresses. Earlier attempts proved unworkable. Netica uses numerical code values for Chinese characters—32101 represents the one for "mail"—which are converted to standard ASCII text to format with the Web e-mail infrastructure. The

same address can be used for English messages. Patel sees a targeted audience—especially in Asia—that would be immensely attractive to advertisers. Netica also hopes to license its software to larger e-mail providers. "Really," says Patel, "what are one million Chinese users worth to someone out there?"

Russ Kru

### THE INTERNET FRIDGE

It's been talked about for years—the ultimate Internet appliance. The fridge is the center of the home, goes the theory, so why not put the Internet there? For better or worse, Electrolux

has. The Swedish-based appliance maker, owner of the Frigidaire label, has created Screenfridge, a 233-liter European-style prototype equipped with a touch-screen monitor built into the door. Users can keep track of dates on a computerized calendar, surf the Net via a high-speed connection, check e-mail, all through focus-



Try not to stick your hand in the screen

tray modes, monitor home security and keep track of the fridge's contents via bar codes. A camera and microphone allow for video and audio monitoring. Fifty homes in Denmark used the fridge earlier this year, and more were recently installed in apartments in Stockholm.

Electrolux Group has no due for North American introduction, not a price. "What we do know is that this product is not going to be a gimmicky, extremely high-priced product," says Tony Davis, an Electrolux spokesman. "Regular people are going to be able to buy this fridge." Talk about cool sites.

John Infield

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Charitable programs such as Toronto's StreetLight Support Services are helping prostitutes to build new lives—and leave the streets behind

# A WAY OUT

BY SUSAN MCCLELLAND

I could make as much as \$1,000 a day. But it never felt good. My self-esteem was really, really low. I was being beaten by my boyfriend [jumps] and my clients. A friend of mine was strangled—her body found dead in a parking lot. It is a dark world. I fell into it fast and hard. —Kaven

The morning air is close and just ending at StreetLight Support Services, a Terrence-run not-for-profit organization that helps prostitutes create a new life. Karen, a 23-year-old former streetwalker, is putting the finishing touches on her assignment, a collage about what it means to her to be a woman. Despite the homelessness she has seen, her project is surprisingly upbeat. A photograph of red roses and a small wicker basket are placed together at the bottom of the page. A picture of singer Jennifer Lopez in a shimmering pink evening gown is pinned to the side. And at the top of the page, "The first thing in life," and "I wish I had ruled more," are spelled out in differentiated letters cut from magazine ads. "I wish I had ruled more with my brain—like *first school*," explains Karen, which isn't her real name. "I didn't have the chance. I mean,

Indeed she didn't. When she was 11, an elderly relative sexually molested her. Since she was 14, when she left an abusive family situation in rural Ontario, Karen has worked on and off on Toronto's streets. But luckily, life is about second chances. Her art class is part of a four-week

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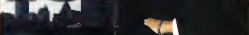
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program that includes literacy and computer classes, job and academic counselling, budgeting and self-esteem building. Karen is finishing her high-school diploma and the plans to attend a social work program at college in the fall. At StreetLight, she finally found what has been missing in her life to help her leave the streets for good: support. "I never really knew anyone who wasn't in the business," she says. "When there is no one around you who's healthy—it's hard to find a way out of this lifestyle."

It's a lifestyle, though, that's earning more and more people—predominantly women, but men and children are involved, too. A recent United Nations report stated that trafficking in women is one of the fastest-growing criminal activities in the world. The global sex trade generates more than \$12 billion a year, making it one of the most lucrative illicit industries besides the drug, wildlife and weapons trades. There are no hard Canadian statistics, but the lobby group Canadian for the Rights of Sex Workers claims Montreal alone has at least 5,000 prostitutes. Others estimate thousands of women are being bought each year in Canada from South America, Asia and Eastern Europe.

Although their backgrounds are diverse, the prostitutes share some all-common similarities. In an effort to escape a troubled or economically deprived home life, they start running errands, get caught up in a cycle of violence and poverty and have few means of escaping the trade. But in the last six years, charities like StreetLight have been set up in Edmonton, Calgary and Winnipeg, as well as smaller centres, to help prostitutes start new lives. "For every five people we see each month," says Beverly McLennan, StreetLight's executive director, "three get out of the lifestyle." That's an impressive statistic, she says, given the healing they need and the stigma they carry "Apart from being a pedophile," McLennan adds, "saying you used to be a prostitute carries the worst condemnation."

*The father of my children drove me to the corner and dropped me off. His cocaine addiction had worsened and he wanted me to pay for it by selling my body. He was going to kill me and my kids if I didn't*



McLennan encourages prostitutes to find their creativity

*When my first truck asked me my name, I just blurted out Beverly. I wanted to be anyone but me. The happiest day of my life was when my boyfriend went to jail. That's when I could breathe again — Ursula*

StreetLight, the first such program in Canada, opened in August, 1995, after a Toronto city councillor and the police refused that to curb the sex trade, they needed to offer prostitutes viable alternatives. The planless-based StreetLight, in part, on a successful San Francisco diversion program that helps rehabilitate prostitute customers. The men pay to attend so-called job school—and escape criminal charges. StreetLight took that initiative a step further and saw some of the job school fees to help reintegrate prostitutes into mainstream society. Of those who have attended San Francisco job school, only five per cent have been caught with a prostitute a second time.

In Ontario, the office of the attorney general agreed to allow only those charged for the first time with trying to lure a prostitute to have the offences withdrawn if they attended job school. In Toronto, job school pays \$400 each and the eight-hour program includes discussions about sexually transmitted diseases, former job schoolers the destruction that using prostitutes has wreaked on their family and work, and prostitutes talking about the pain their profession causes them. Of the more than 3,000 job schoolers who have passed through StreetLight in the last six years, only about one per cent have been charged a second time.

*It's a vicious circle. You need the drugs to do the work, but when you are high, you'll do more because you want the money to buy more drugs. The worst was doing a job in the backroom of a crack house. It was all about the crack. I lost my soul. I*

*don't think I can ever be intimate with someone again. I've used up my lifetime supply of secrecy. —Debbie*

Originally, StreetLight offered its services only to street prostitutes. Almost immediately, the charity broadened its mandate to include prostitutes working for escort services, massage parlours and strip clubs. StreetLight considers its clients

are victims, not perpetrators, and so, in addition to teaching basic life and job skills, it helps them build their self-esteem and self-awareness. "You have to bail from the inside out," says McLennan. "Until the outside is healed, if there is another crisis in your life, you will continue to deal with things in an unhealthy way." StreetLight's two-story, 1912 rehab building is littered with literature on female empowerment, yoga, herbs, healing and books by the Dalai Lama. "We encourage clients to listen to their intuition and find their creativity," says McLennan. "It is a big step in their transition."

*So what is an escort?*

*Was I one? No, I don't think so. I wouldn't go that far. I was there to offer myself to anyone for a price they paid with money. I paid with my life. —Ursula*

A former prostitute who remains regularly to StreetLight is a volunteer, Ursula concludes the meaning of class by reading her poem about how she felt about prostitution. She says when she was arrested five years ago and volunteered to go to StreetLight, she hadn't realized how much pain she had put up inside. But then she began penning her poetry. "My writing was my salvation," the 32-year-old says. "The paper never yelled back or censured me." Ursula stopped using drugs and returned to school for a diploma in computer business. Today, the single mother of two is a customer service representative with a retailation firm. "StreetLight helps me believe that I can make my dreams come true," Ursula concludes. "I believe in myself and where I want to be in life." ☐

Edited by Amy Cassano

## BLOOD, GUTS AND GLORY

Angelina Jolie has big plans. Her movie, initially titled *After a Long Day* filming in Vancouver, skips lightly as the *Levi's* *Tom Brando* dips into streams of consciousness that about her future. Jolie—the Oscar winner for her role in *Girl, Interrupted*—wants to build something with her hands, get a sunburn, learn to bake and make a proper breakfast for her actor-musician husband, Billy Bob Thornton. The Los Angeles-born daughter of Oscar-winning actor Jon Voight also wants to get political, visit more countries and learn to fly a helicopter. “These extreme challenges,” says Jolie, who performed most of her own stunts in *Tom Brando*. “These are other aspects of us that we ignore and we wonder why we feel unhappy or angry.”

Jolie, 25, is disarmingly direct. Ask her a personal question and chances are she will answer without hesitation. For example, she freely admits that she likes knives and tattoos and has a vial of Thornton's blood hanging around her neck. And she acknowledges that diving into the darker realms of her personality can be easier than rising above them. She refuses to hide from people behind a curtain of fame and says that is just “how I deal with life.” But before one can judge her on the wilder things that fly from her mouth, Jolie tosses off this nugget: “I want to live honestly. I want to be free. I want to be exactly who I am. If people disagree with me or debate something I say—well, I do believe that is why we are all on this earth.”



Ask Jolie questions, and she'll tell you no lies

## THE HEART OF DARKNESS

With a manner as calm as a harbor and a heart as brutal as a war machine, Robert Seidlick talks to a man who has experienced almost everything. Drugs, booze and film school. Watching his mother die of cancer. Crawling from the deepest pit of drug-induced depression: “I reached the point of absolute chaos,” says Seidlick, 38. “I couldn't go any further without dying.”

Seventeen sober years later, the Calgary-born author has published his first novel, *The African Safari Papers*. Championed by author Timothy Findley, *Safari Papers* is the story of a 19-year-old drug addict watching his family unravel while traveling in Africa. At the age of 20, Seidlick, with his parents, visited the same places depicted in the book, but he insists that the story is based on him.

Writing from the perspective of a drug-addled teen pushed him into “a dark place,” but Seidlick found his calling with this book. Reviews are good; the future is bright. However, says Seidlick, “There is always a dark cloud behind that silver lining.”



Seidlick revealed

## Get the man some silver polish

He's gradually modest, but even Joe Sakic couldn't deflect all the attention that came his way last week. Just five days after he and the Colorado Avalanche won the Stanley Cup, the slender center from Burnaby, B.C., was named the National Hockey League's outstanding player in voting by the players. Then he won the Hart and Lady Byng trophies as the league's most valuable and most gentlemanly player at the NHL Awards gala. “Wow,” Sakic said almost sheepishly. “It's been a pretty good week.”

Sakic crested his parents, his wife, Debbie, and his teammates, and thanked Pittsburgh's Mario Lemieux, runner-up in the MVP voting, for carrying out of retirement as late as the year that is gave “the rest of us a shot.” This from a guy who finished the season second overall in scoring and first in game-winning goals, and was among the three finalists for defensive player of the year. It's a good thing Sakic's numbers speak for themselves.



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# BRUTAL BRITANNIA

By Brian D. Johnson

Ever since Jimmy Cagney gangsters in movies have been teaching us how to be cool, and how to mess with language, Marlon Brando's Godfather weighed his words as if he were being charged by the y-l-l-b-l-i-n. In *Scarface*, Al Pacino wielded syntax like a switchblade—"All I have in this world is balls and my word and I don't break 'em for no one." Quentin Tarantino punks five-talk about "riggas and birches." And comic bookish deconstructs too things, peeling phrases like "look at me" and "jiggababababab." America has become a love to gangsters. And now that *The Sopranos* is the rose of TV, the brutal crime boss has become an almost modest figure. Tony Soprano, a lovable bigot with the world's worst on his shoulders, as the *Artie* Butler of our time. Along with Homer Simpson, he provides our one of the last nuclear families left on television.

Amid the feel-good folklore of American gangsters, it's boring to get a taste of the British version. While American mob movies are usually fairly sugary of loyalty and betrayal, our Brit counterparts tend to be class-conscious trips into psychopathic cruelty—with a homoerotic taint of boys'-school sadism. *Paymen* set the benchmark in 1970, with its gender-splitting tale of a ruthless gangster (Jonas



Guy Ritchie's *Snatch* and *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*. Now, two new feature debuts from Britain, *Soy Bear* and *Gangster No. 1*, rather the genre's shock value up another notch.

*Soy Bear* is a flaky descent into unadorned noir by Jonathan Glazer, who made his name directing commercial and music videos. Ray Winstone plays Gil, a retired gangster who has found joy in seclusion in a villa on Spanish Costa del Sol, where he's devoted to his wife (Amanda Redman), a former pornstar. In the opening scene, as Gil sunbathes, a boulder crashes

## British mob tales tend to be class-conscious trips into psychopathic brutality

down a hillside, barely missing him, and cannonballs into the pool, cracking the tiles a big fat grin. Gil's life is soon disrupted by a boulder in human form, a mobster named Don who shows up to lodge him from retirement and recruit him for a bank heist.

Played with blistering force by Ben Kingsley, Don is a pit bull of a man who

*Soy Bear*, starring Ray Winstone, is a long way from the feel-good *Sopranos*

won't take no for an answer. Head shaved and body cinderblock, Kingsley looks like Gandhi's evil twin, and burns with a testosterone rage that is at once scaring and funny. He speaks in a violent vernacular, an oddly articulate blend of profanity and slang. Winstone, meanwhile, plays the romantic hero on a slow simmer. And buffed by a sound track that ricochets between Don Martin and the Stringfellow, Glazer drenches with the show-off energy of an animator at a Mafia Club Med.

It's clear that this ode to decadence and beauty owes a lot to *Paymen*, especially when James Fox pops up in a cameo as a homosexual banker. In *Paymen*, Fox was the hard blond prototype of the mad gangster, a loose ranger who plays his weak too much for the liking of his creepy, copulent boss. In *Gangster No. 1*, which is set primarily in Staines London, Paul Bettany portrays another handsome English snot with a fresh for cufflinks, a gargantuan Caligula who plots and murders his way to the top. David Thewlis (Naked) plays the general mob lawyer who stands in halfway, the object of envy. And when Thewlis, who has made a career of cruelty, is cut as the star guy, you leave *Gangster No. 1* in one noisy movie.

As a portrait of violence, animal narcissism, it resembles American *Psycho*, but without the satire. A more obvious point of reference would be *A Clockwork Orange*, especially considering that *Gleadow* star Malcolm McDowell is prominently cast as the older version of the protagonist, some 30 years later. It's hard to talk about these movies without drowning in references. But this is an incandescent black *Gangster No. 1* is based on a 1995 play by Louis Mellis and David Scars—two wrote *Soy Bear*.

If the American gangster genre is as expansive and mythic as the western, the British model is an unbridled vision of decadence, with a fascist blood (lurking just below the surface). In *Gangster* things are like sadistic games, boys who enjoy torturing boys. *Soy Bear* still manages to be gross, horrific fun, because even the darkest character are comically human. But *Gangster No. 1* does its job with such cold-blooded efficiency that it's harder to watch. ■

# Drunk on Drama



By JOHN BRIDGEMORE

The ephemeral quality of live theatre is one of its charms—each performance of a play is unique and unrepeatable. You can see a film whenever you want, and it never changes. But if you didn't make the effort to catch Ralph Richardson's *Richard III* or William Hurt's *Prospero*, then the miracle of these performances has escaped you forever. You have to have been there.

This summer at two of North America's most important theatre festivals, the Stratford and the Shaw (both in southern Ontario, and both a couple of hours' drive from Toronto), a handful of productions may well lodge in the memories of those lucky enough to have been there. The first is Stratford's heart-gripping rendition of Edward Albee's 1962 black comedy, *Who Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* It stars Martha Henry in the inimitable, fist-mouthed Marjorie, and Peter Donaldson in her long-suffering, history professor husband, George. Martha is one of the great tonic heroines of modern literature, a kind of *Wife of Bath* for the nuclear age. The drab George proves her match, however, in an

exchange of insults that makes for one of the most gripping duels in Stratford's history. In the end, the two actors avoid the bewildered child behind Marjorie's mien with exquisite tenderness (to Nov. 3).

The other near-perfect show at Stratford is director Brian Bedford's champagne-

## There's nothing like the kick of Stratford's and Shaw's best

Martha Henry and Peter Donaldson in *Who Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

smooth version of Noël Coward's 1930 comedy, *Private Lives*. Bedford also stars as the naive but short-tempered Elyot Cluise, a tale told made his own, having played in opposite array of the finest actresses of the postwar era, including Maggie Smith. Here he is partnered with a voracious Susan McCann (to Nov. 2). Meanwhile, director Joanne Lambert's most riveting of

Shakespeare's *Henry V*, aided by Danny Lym's stark inkling budge of a set, unfathomably balances our attraction to the patriotic English leader (a poignantly youthful Graham Abbey) with our horror at his slaughter of the French (to Nov. 4).

The remaining Stratford productions, while clearly flawed, offer some memorable performances. Cynthia Dale's deeply charming Maria in the 1959 Rodgers and Hammerstein musical *The Sound of Music* (to Nov. 4); Douglas Campbell's huffing volcano of a father in Shakespeare's *Henry IV Part 1* (to Sept. 29); Lucy Peacock's aggressively incoherent Porcia and Paul Soler's understated but terribly credible Skylock in *The Merchant of Venice* (to Nov. 3). Finally, James Blundick, a big man who is as light on his feet as any Las Vegas table cruser, gives the comic performance of his career as that rascally old sleazebag Sir Toby Belch in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* (to Nov. 2).

At Niagara-on-the-Lake's Shaw Festival, the best show is easily the 1953 movie American classic *From Here to Eternity*. Supremely directed by Jackie Maxwell, this late-summer tale of a *drifter* who derails the peace of a small-town Kansas family is a feast of finely detailed acting. The leading female performers—Jennifer Phipps, Fiona Byrne, Wendy Thatcher and Golden Sample—conduct a virtual seminar on what it means to live and lose as a woman. When Phipps as the old spinster, Helen Potts, shows her customer at the presence of the daffodil, Hal Carter (Miles White), she reveals an undiminished flare of girlish longing (she sings the least) (to Sept. 21).

Another success is J. M. Barrie's 1904 classic, *Peter Pan*, directed by Christopher Newton (to Oct. 28). This production dips deeply into the destination that occurs when boys—and men—refuse to grow up. And so James Mison, in a double performance of comic brilliance, plays both the outlandishly eccentric

Mr. Darling and his demonic shadow, Captain Hook. The show scaffolds with diaphanous artistry—the underwater fight between the pirates and the Indians, low-tech though it may be (it's conveyed in slow motion, with undulating rhapsodic cloy at the surface of the sea), is a wondrous caper story on anything on the silver screen. Just don't wait for the video. ■





Some performers, says a history of Canada's premier comedy festival, were even crazier offstage

# THE JOKERS WERE WILD

From 1986 to 1999, Andy Nabelman was one of the leading figures behind Montreal's Just for Laughs comedy festival, getting us inside—and inside—with some of comedy's biggest stars. In *I Almost Killed George Burns*, George Burnett, as he published this book by ECF Press, he describes the many years he spent behind the scenes, as when John Candy visited in 1988, and during Jerry Lewis' 1986 and 1992 appearances.

**I**t took about two hours for the festival to become Candy's kingdom. He held court nightly in the far end of the Deloitte Le Corail, socializing, drinking, chain-smoking and laughing with gusto. John parried hard, but he worked hard, too. For this mega, live-TV event, he would play a number of different characters, including a chain-smoking rapper and a stuffy government official named Gordon Massey-Ferguson. On Friday night, the production staff and a handful of HBO stars gathered in the suite of Stu Smiley (HBO's VP of comedy programming) to watch the rehearsal tape and make last-minute changes. It

was almost 3 a.m. "Someone better make sure that Candy gets to bed," Smiley smiled. I volunteered my services and made my way down to Le Corail. Of course, there was John, trading barbs with SCTV's Ron James and Robin Duke (also of *Saturday Night Live*). I had never seen him so happy. "Dude, wow!" he told me when I reminded him of the big show coming up. "One last drink, and I'll see you in the morning." Morning? "Aren't you coming to watch me record those CBC tapes?" "Of course," I said. "What time?" He looked at his watch. "Oh, about seven hours from now." Terrified, usually "OK, see you there."

I was amazed to see John show up

on time the next morning. Granted, he was tired, but he was chipper and ready to roll. A pro's a pro, I figured. For the next three hours, he introduced performers who weren't there and made sage remarks taking us non-existent audience. By 7 p.m., the fatigue was evident in his delivery, and there was an overabundance of throat clearing and "uhms," so Bob Kamnitsky and Carol Reynolds, supervising the recording for the CBC, wrapped the session and sent John back to his dressing room.

The St. Denis Theatre is a gorgeous old structure, but at this time in backstage everything left a lot to be desired. To keep John cool between introductions and costume changes, we suggested the building's meagre air-conditioning system with a fan blowing on huge coils of ice. Great for the skin, but not so wonderful for the throat. We kept this going throughout the afternoon rehearsal. We finished just minutes before the theatre doors were opened to the public. On with the show, this time.

I backed off with a rap number by Runy Solid. Standing from the back of the hall, Solid emceed his way through the standing, clapping, cheering audience. As this was going on, John Candy—decked out in a polka-dot suit, thick shades and a mile of gold chain—was snacking alone, and he stood in shadow before two females. "Whole Sobel sapped," Candy's shy mate feigned some record scratching. Then, climbing onstage, Solid performed his final verse:

*I'd like to introduce a man who's fine and steady  
He ain't Barry Manilow, he ain't my stand-by  
He's a stand-up kind of guy, a real  
Joe Dandy  
My favourite Vancouver, Tom Hanks!  
I kid... John Candy!*

And with that, every light in the theatre flared in honor upon the show's star. The band whirled itself into an orgy of high-pitched squeals and thumping bass. The crowd went nuts. But then Candy delivered his opening line: "Hello Montreal!

Are you ready to party?" They came out broken and ready. "I said, are you ready to party?" Again, come and enjoy. And then came the snow that broke the crowd's back—Candy's introduction of the night's first act, a one-man Jackson Five impersonator (don't ask) named Christopher. "Good, 'cause here he is Christopher!" There was no joy in Midville. With the word "Christopher," Mighty Candy's voice thinned like a 10-cent lightbulb.

Candy came backstage with pure re-

To this day, every time I hear the words "Jerry Lewis," the right side of my face breaks out in an uncontrollable twitch. More than any other performer at Just for Laughs, this comedy God wreaked havoc with my psyche.

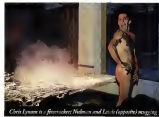
The scene was a Muscular Dysrophy Association press conference, Jerry's final commitment on his visit to Montreal in July 1986. A sponsor referred to Lincoln Chodas's scathing critique [of the show the night before] and asked Jerry if re-

views still mattered to him after so many years. Jerry began to answer very graciously, intelligently explaining the balance between the fragility of artists' hearts and the shameless-like toughness of their skin. But then, as a coda, he took a poke at the offending review: "You can't accept one individual's opinion, particularly if it's a female, and, you know—God willing, I hope for her sake it's not the case—but when they get a period, it's really difficult for them to func-

tion as normal human beings." The incident became a cause célèbre throughout the North American media. Women's groups denounced Jerry. There were calls for him to apologize, even to step-down from his MDA responsibilities (but Jerry rode out the storm, and by the time his rebellion hit the news, about five weeks later, he'd managed to put the whole episode safely behind him).

On Aug. 5, 1992, with visions of the aloof, easy-vindictive character Ted encountered in 1986 filling my head, I reluctantly climbed into the line that was to collect Jerry Lewis at the airport. Press reports said that he had swallowed the birth of his daughter, Danielle, and I figured that bringing along a gift for the baby would be a good icebreaker. Well, the press was right, and so was I. He greeted me with a wild yelp and Lewinian facial contortion.

Jerry's rehearsal began at Place des Arts at 1 p.m. At 1:10, I got my first phone call from assistant barman Slavodre: "You better get over here fast," he whispered. "It's really pissing off" Oh, Christ. Arriving there, I encountered a theory of "You little prick! A Lincoln Town Car!"



Chris Evans is a frequenter Nabelman and Lewis (opposite) meeting



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## The Maclean's Excerpt

That's the type of car you read over for a movie star and director! A Lincoln Town Car? Where's my limo? Although the words were loud, they were said with a smile, so my response was semi-serious.

"No, come on, Jess," I smiled back. "It's a simple screenshot by our logistics department. If you really want a limo, I'll have one over here by the time you finish rehearsal." Still smiling, Lewis said: "That's what I want." Then he put his arm around my shoulder and squeaked: "A Lincoln Town Car? What were you thinking, you pun?"

He hadn't given us that right, but his manager, Joe Seidlin, had. Not rather than confront a man intent on strangling me in front of hundreds of onlookers, I immediately downshifted into ultra-humble mode: "Jerry, do you think a little nothing like me would try to put one over on a respected songstar like you? I respect and like the film rights with Joe."

"Well, I knew nothing about it," he replied, "but if Jerry signed it, I'll live up to it. Let's put this way: if you can show me this agreement by tomorrow afternoon, signed, I'll apologize, I'll respect you, I'll



The next time I ran into Jerry Lewis was at the massive Comedy Central booth, a free-for-all in which over a thousand just-for-Laugh series and guests stuff themselves into two Delta Hotel ballrooms. The party starts at midnight, includes an all-night bacon-and-egg breakfast, and is the festival's most popular social event. With a double *Absolut* on the table in my hand, I circulated amiably through the throng. Then I glanced over at the ballroom main entrance and saw Jerry contentedly peering in. As a good host should, I put down my glass and walked over to welcome him. "So, how did you show up tonight?" I asked. He responded by closing his hands around my neck.

Throbbing and shaking me, Lewis smiled and said: "You Jew bastard? Trying to pull a fast one on me?"

I tried to think of a snappy comeback, but all I could muster up was "Huh?" "I saw TV owners there tonight! I never gave you the right to tape me!"

love you and I'll give you a great show. If you don't show me this agreement by tomorrow, I'll still love you, respect you, and perform for you..." And then his face turned to stone. "...but I'll make the rest of your life a living hell, understand?"

And then another memorable party moment occurred, this one co-starring Lewis and Alan King. Seeing the two comedic icons hanging out in such close proximity was too much for Mike MacDonald to handle. The only comedian to appear at every Just for Laughs, Mike had studied his comic predecessors, and he had the utmost respect for them. Mike made his way over, got on his knees and bowed, lying face-down in their feet. Lewis glanced down, gave King a "let's split this scene" look, stepped on and then over the prone worshiper, and quickly exited. King followed suit. When Mike looked up, his idols had vanished.

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## Entertainment Notes



Mike and Koko scale  
Absolut's striking heights

### ANIMATED ACTION

Call it New Age Disney. And not just for what's in *Absolut: The Last Empire*—crystal powers and the superior wisdom of a vanished civilization—but what's not. No singing, no dancing, no cuddly sidekicks. *Absolut*, in fact, is nothing other than an animated action film aimed at 12-year-old boys who loved *The Lion King* when they were five. But that doesn't mean it's no fun. Despite plot holes the size of lost continents and anachronisms beyond counting—the setting is 1914,



but the bad girl drinks about in dresses slit to knee—fine-line and non-stop action sequences make up for a lot. Canadian Michael J. Fox, as the surely born Moby Thatch, and Cary Sumner, as R390-year-old Princess Koko, lead a cast of voices that also includes the distinctive tones of Leonard Nimoy and James Garner. Meanwhile, the striking, angular animation is superb. As a shocked Mike says in the film's best line, after he learns the gorgeous Princess real age: "Lookin' good!"

Brian Barbeau

### LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY

In Canada, his name is scarcely known. But in Europe, the avant-garde music of Quebec composer Claude Vivier has steadily grown in popularity since his untimely death in 1963. The openly gay 34-year-old was stricken and strangled by a young man he had asked back to his Paris apartment. Now, Vivier's only opera, *Requiem*, is about to conclude a triumphant international tour with a brief Toronto run (June 21 to 23), staged by Auburn Leaf Opera & Performer. It's the story of a woman's soul as she journeys to the next world. And though Vivier's complex score is a challenge to the ear, Auburn Leaf artistic producer Thom Solokowski offers li-



Vivier's opera is a challenge to the ear

braries some advice: "As Vivier liked to say, 'You have to be as attentive as a child, completely open, as if you're going into a forest for the first time.'"

### A SLEEPY MUSICAL WORTHY OF ITS NAME

The Disney *Chaperone* begins life as a wedding present among friends, and went on to become the surprise hit of the 1999 Toronto Fringe Theatre Festival. Now, the over-the-top spoof of Twentieth-century musicals has hit the big time in a new production backed by David Mervin, the Canadian producer of *The Live King*. With lyrics by Lou Lammers, music by Greg McEwen, and book by Bob



A few interludes are inspired

Martin and score-illustrator Don McKellar, *Chaperone* is an intoxication in a half-baked wedding cake. There are long stretches of lunacy that only a preschooler could find funny. But a few interludes are inspired—such as the scene in which leading man Dan Chameroy solicitors blindfolded around the stage while singing a song called *Accident Waiting to Happen*. He keeps running into things, but does it so charmingly that art and comedy actually meet.

John Benamore

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## Entertainment Notes

### Northern star rising

John Rae (1813-1893) was an  
Ojibwa man, from the bank Scotch  
Irish tale that for generations supplied  
the Hudson Bay Co. with some of its  
toughest employees. He was also, as  
Ken McGoogan's *Fatal Passage*  
(HarperCollins) shows, one of the  
greatest Arctic ex-  
plorers in history, the  
man who discovered  
the fate of Sir John  
Franklin's doomed  
expedition. But Rae  
was never any good at self-promo-  
tion—later explorers often claimed his  
discoveries for their own—and his  
humors brought him powerful ene-  
mies. (Rae's report of cannibals dur-  
ing Franklin's last days sparked the  
wrath of Lady Franklin and even  
Charles Dickens.) McGoogan's ac-  
count of Rae's extraordinary career  
should bring him the credit he's due.



### Best Sellers

Fiction	previous week's rank
1. THE FINE GARDEN, Lisa Gardner (E) 2	
2. DUTY OR DEATH, Stephen King (E) 2	
3. SHARPER, Michael Chabon (E) 3	
4. BACK AGAIN, Michael Chabon (E) 4	
5. THE TROOPED, Michael Chabon (E) 5	
6. THE FINE GARDEN, Lisa Gardner (E) 6	
7. SHARPER, Michael Chabon (E) 7	
8. DUTY OR DEATH, Stephen King (E) 8	
9. BACK AGAIN, Michael Chabon (E) 9	
10. THE TROOPED, Michael Chabon (E) 10	

### Nonfiction

1. THE FINE GARDEN, Lisa Gardner (E) 1	
2. THE FINE GARDEN, Lisa Gardner (E) 2	
3. THE FINE GARDEN, Lisa Gardner (E) 3	
4. THE FINE GARDEN, Lisa Gardner (E) 4	
5. THE FINE GARDEN, Lisa Gardner (E) 5	
6. THE FINE GARDEN, Lisa Gardner (E) 6	
7. THE FINE GARDEN, Lisa Gardner (E) 7	
8. THE FINE GARDEN, Lisa Gardner (E) 8	
9. THE FINE GARDEN, Lisa Gardner (E) 9	
10. THE FINE GARDEN, Lisa Gardner (E) 10	

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ROGERS



Ann Dowsett Johnston

## Notes from a novice

As the mother of a single son, I've spent the better part of the past 17 years as a novice parent, mastering a litany of skills that I'm certain never to shed again. Unlike my sons, who had three boys and a sister to crisscross their decade of knowing birthday parties, I've been through it all only once. Got the hang of toilet training, learned the finer points of lost-bag crises, broke the code on report-card jargon, learned to decipher adolescent grunts. No dress rehearsals, no repeat performances just one perpetual learning curve.

Of course, there are perks to being the eternal novice. Unlike my sons, a veteran of both the Cabbage Patch craze and Tickle Me Elmo, I've been fortunate to only encounter my trend, the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. A good thing, too, you have to wonder how many otherwise useful brain cells are being hogged by such essential male trivia as the culture of Donatello's bandana and his weapon of choice.)

And, of course, I've weathered only one pregnancy. Yikes, after our dog had a particularly gruesome run-in with a poopsie, my son asked me if he had to get berks. "No," I said, "it burns." "How much?" he asked. "Like porcupine quills up your nose?" "No," I reassured. "Not quite." Truth is, I'm not sure if childhood burns more or less than porcupine quills up the nose. All I know is that those childhood conversations were one brief and those inquiries passed me quickly. On this, I'm an expert when a stage passes in my son's life, for me it's gone for good. For that reason, I try to anticipate the moment when my son will cross over permanently from one stage to another. I scout the horizon for early warning signals, a clue to changing weather.

Sometimes, it's hard to read the horizon. Certain signs look like they just might last forever. Boys teeter between childhood and manhood much longer than I would have imagined. For the past few years, my son's bedroom has featured what I politely refer to as his "Wall of Women"—a collage tribute to the likes of Gwyneth Paltrow and Jennifer Aniston, with cameo appearances by Will Ferrell and Tiger Woods. At their first few some pretty contradictory evidence: a well-thumbed copy of *Tiger's Father* and *Sex*, three boxes of *Mad* magazines, a Fender electric guitar, one broken whoopee cushion, *The Art of the Catch* and a battered headlight. I could go on.

Right or wrong, that motley collection killed me even believing that this stage would never pass. Last fall, I missed the warning signals when my son announced that he was joining

the school rowing team, signing on for four months of winter training followed by a four-month scum on the water—a season of rising daily before dawn. It seemed unlikely. Here was a 16-year-old who needed four naps before he could do his own laundry. Someone, in his own words, "is relied on as an undisciplined skat." A specialist in just-in-time studying, for whom I had played Shogun, juggling more forgotten books and knickies than I care to remember. But my son was determined: he would become "a novice rower," and I was due as a meeting for "novice parents." The title seemed to fit.

And so began our initiation into the world of rowing, and the slow transformation of my son. At first, the changes were mostly physical: his shoulders squared, his stomach turned concave, his thighs morphed into tree trunks.

Then, one frigid morning in March, we saw the alarm for 5 a.m. and joined a cavalcade of cars heading down to the lake. The sun was still out, and there was frost on the ground. One by one, as parents had, the long, sleek vessels slipped away from the dock and disappeared into the dark. For an hour, we waited for the boats to return. And just after sunrise, they did: a pagoda of spraywater sounding the concert, one sparkling in the morning light.

And so it went all spring, with the sun rising earlier each day and my son rising, too. By May he was clean and disciplined, ready to race in the Mother's Day regatta, the heaviest in a novice senior heavyweight men's quad. For luck, his team placed a phone Yoda in the bow; he swore he would be with them. Actually, the four was sparse: there their inspection looked like grown men, guys built like Douglas firs.

That afternoon, my son took home his first medal, a bronze. Yes, there were only three boats in the race. But for novices, it was a victory. For the first time, they had pulled together as a team. As for Yoda, he made it to the finish line and then plunged to the bottom of the lake where he now belonged.

This week, my son is leaving home—for the summer. I see it as a dress rehearsal for what lies ahead. For two long months, he'll sleep in a tent by a northern lake, far from the Wall of Women. By day, you'll find him on the waterfront, teaching the youngest campers. By night, he'll be reading *Seneca: Strenuous for Endurance Athletes*. Boy or man? It's hard to tell.

Come fall, he'll return home for one last year of high school. Once again, we'll rise before dawn and head down to the lake in the dark. This time, we know what to expect: we're no longer novices. He'll head away from the dock in his boat, and I'll stand by the shore, watching as he navigates around the corner. And within minutes, his boat will disappear.



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